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THE *Paris Matin*, which often speaks by the card notwithstanding its offensive yellowness, reports that the Reparations Commission is running short of funds. The Commission has been a pretty expensive body, and since it is authorized by the Treaty of Versailles to incur any expenses it pleases and charge them all in the German bill, it has had no special inducement to be economical. Now it appears that the German payments on this account, which were regularly made until last July, have ceased, and that the Commission has been drawing upon a somewhat mysterious reserve-fund which will be exhausted by the end of January. Perhaps France, which seems to be able to finance ambitious armament-programmes in Central Europe, may spare a little something to help out the Commission, on the theory that most of the money will be spent in France; for the joke would certainly be on the Allies if the Germans, by so simple a device as that of neglecting to pay, were to send the Reparations Commission a-glimmering.

CURRENT COMMENT.

CHANCELLOR STRESEMANN has finally risked a vote of confidence in the Reichstag, and has been severely mauled by the forces of the Right and buffeted by those of the Left. Accordingly he has faded from the scene; and Germany, as was to be expected, seems to be falling under a military dictatorship of the Right, which for a time at least will attempt to wear the sheep's clothing of a republican Government. The figurehead of the moment was Dr. Heinrich Albert, who will be pleasantly remembered in America; but the effective power seemed to lie in the battalions of the Reichswehr, headed by the iron-fisted General von Seeckt. Inasmuch as Dr. Albert could not command the necessary party-support, he naturally found it out of the question to form a Ministry, and it is quite possible that before these words reach our readers the Reichstag will be dissolved. In that case new elections will be the next order, but in the present condition of uncertainty one can scarcely be assured that they will ever be held.

In various countries where the established conditions of life were shattered by the war, the old order has found it necessary to clamp itself together with bands of steel; and there has never been any reason to suppose that Germany could get through its period of transitional crisis by grace of political machinery of such erratic and centrifugal tendencies as that represented by an orthodox form of parliamentary government. When we find even a nation in such a handsome position as Great Britain visibly handicapped by such a form of government, it is scarcely to be expected that parliamentarianism can endure in a country so bitterly hard-pressed by circumstances as Germany. It would appear that, in the Reich, either the old social order must give up the struggle, or else it must attempt to pull itself together by asserting a rigid control over the underlying population. Germany is struggling towards a machinery of control. It is possible that under a resolute leadership this may be effected autonomously, but if leadership be lacking or the difficulties be too great, it would seem that the captains of the old order would have to submit to a transitional alien dictatorship. In either case democracy, under any definition, will have received a reversal, and it will require long decades of struggle to recover its lost ground.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN is having a hard time explaining to the British public just what he means by "protection," or what he thinks that they would like to have him mean. The difficulty is natural enough, for the simple reason that, in England, "protection" is coming to have two exclusive and mutually contradictory definitions. Historically, the landed gentry have been the great enemies of free trade, and for them, protectionism means the safeguarding of the farmers of the United Kingdom against overseas competitors, whether inside or outside of the Empire. By contrast with this national agricultural policy, the kind of protectionism that we have heard most about of late is imperial and industrial, and is supported largely by British manufacturers who hope to have the colonial markets thrown open to them, and closed against extra-imperial competition. In this situation, Mr. Baldwin must explain how the colonies can be persuaded to rig their tariffs for the benefit of British manufacturers, if at the same time the tariffs of the United Kingdom are rigged against the colonial exporters of foodstuffs for the benefit of British agriculturists. When the Premier has solved this little problem, he may be able to bring all the protectionists of the country into a solid and serviceable union.

WE have not been backward in expressing our opinion about Premier Mussolini and his reactionary policy, but his criticism of the League of Nations, if correctly reported, has our hearty approval. According to the *New York Times*, Signor Mussolini told the Italian Senate the other day that while Italy did not want to abandon the League, it did not propose to go on playing an inferior part. Great Britain and France, he declared, held more committee-places than Italy, and Great Britain was costing the League more than that country paid in contributions. He proposed, therefore, to work for an equal representation of the nations in the conduct of the League. We greatly fear that once Great Britain and France were dethroned as bosses, their interest in the Geneva enterprise would rapidly cool; but we nevertheless hope that Signor Mussolini may persevere with his programme in the interest of all concerned.

We note that the Government of the Irish Free State, with a decorous respect for British precedent, has permitted one of its hunger-striking political prisoners to starve himself to death. The victim was Dennis Barry, former Republican chief of police in Cork, and a personal friend of the Lord Mayor MacSwiney, who died under similar circumstances in a British jail, and of MacSwiney's successor, the Lord Mayor MacCurtain, who was killed without formalities in his home by Mr. Lloyd George's Black and Tans. After MacSwiney died, the British authorities released the body to his family for burial; but according to advices received here, the Irish authorities refused a similar concession to Barry's mother and buried the body in the prison-yard. We gather from this incident that the political philosophers of the League of Nations made no mistake when they recently initiated the Free State into their company as a full-fledged Government in good standing.

SOMETIMES an item of news is worth reading simply for its ironic quality, but it is seldom indeed that one meets with such sardonic irony as characterizes a dispatch that has recently come out of Warsaw. In substance, this cablegram states that if the Governments at Berlin and Munich do not take a little better care of the Jewish population in Germany, the Polish Government will make reprisals against German nationals resident in Poland. Doubtless the Poles would be only too happy to find an excuse for persecuting the Germans, but it does seem to us that their point against Germany is rather badly taken. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Jews have been worse treated in Poland than in Germany—worse treated, perhaps, than anywhere else on earth; and the good old parable of the beam and the mote is therefore to be recommended to the consideration of the Poles.

We note with relief that Mr. Samuel Gompers has at last exposed the conspiracy which aims to get Mr. Hughes to recognize the Russian Government, or, as Mr. Gompers phrases it, "the bloody monsters of Moscow." The factors in the conspiracy, according to Mr. Gompers, are the international bankers, certain oil-interests and Mr. Hearst. The Soviet leaders have called the wicked bankers to their aid in order to "exploit their serfs and imperial domains more effectively," and the bankers have even compelled Messrs. Lloyd George and Asquith to come out for recognition. As Mr. Gompers points out, this is a "raw game," and these various profiteers are willing, for the sake of a share in expropriated Russian property, to "uphold the enslavement of the Russian people." It is encouraging to observe that our great labour-leader stands fast for the Russian masses. Along with his associates in the National Civic Federation, including such staunch defenders of the proletariat as Mr. Alton B. Parker, Mr. Elihu Root and Mr. T. Coleman Du Pont, he will oppose recognition until the trump of doom.

MR. COOLIDGE'S cryptic silence on matters of public policy has been broken on one point, for dispatches from Washington inform us that he will ask Congress for more than four times the present appropriation for "enforcing" the Volstead law. It is stated that he will recommend an expenditure of nearly \$40 million, including \$20 million for the construction of a rum-hunting fleet, and eight and one-half million for deserving office-seekers who wish to enlist in the lucrative business of hounding old John Barleycorn. This is an odd way of pursuing a policy of economy, and we think it does Mr. Coolidge little credit. If the prohibition law could be enforced, it might be worth while to build a defensive navy and to raise an army of special policemen to keep American lips from touching liquor.

Since "enforcement" is a notorious farce and a magnificent source of blackmail and corruption, greater appropriations will merely mulct the taxpayers for the purpose of more thoroughly debauching the public service. Probably this indecency will have to run its course, and it may be that a few years of riotous expenditure along this line will advertise the scandalous situation sufficiently to bring a general revolt among those who have to pay the bills.

THE action of representatives of Progressive and Farmer-Labour followings in endorsing the nomination of Mr. Henry Ford for President does not, of course, in the least improve Mr. Ford's quality as a candidate. The only substantive reason for thinking of him in connexion with the Presidency remains precisely what it was before, namely: his conspicuous success as a manufacturer of low-priced automobiles. Whether his achievement in this direction argues pre-eminent fitness for Presidential office is not, we think, a question particularly open to debate; at least we have been accustomed to think of statesmanship as something a bit more elevated and comprehensive. The action of the Omaha meeting may, however, have the effect of compelling the Progressives, Farmer-Labourites, liberals and quasi-radicals who seem captivated by Mr. Ford to clarify their thoughts, and perhaps reach unanimity in regard to the kind of national policy they really want. Mr. J. A. H. Hopkins, whose devotion to political reform is undoubted, apparently hopes for the abolition of privilege, and thinks that the public ownership of transportation and a revision of the Federal Reserve banking-system would do well as "crucial issues." In the matter of abolishing privilege we cordially join our hopes with his; but unless the abolition of privilege goes to the length of giving to the United States a responsible Government, the proposal to reorganize our transportation and banking-systems does not move us to any great heat of enthusiasm. As Mr. Ford himself is reported to be averse to subscribing to any platform, the question of issues threatens to reduce itself to "only Ford, and nothing more."

On his arrival at Washington, Senator Magnus Johnson shrewdly remarked that while the peace of the world was the greatest problem of our time, the only way to secure peace is by educating people up to it. This homespun recipe seems to us far better than the grandiose schemes offered by the higher statesmen, though we scarcely anticipate that any Government will make appropriations to set it in practice. As Senator Johnson remarked, pacific treaties between Governments have been demonstrated to be not worth the paper they are written on, and it follows as a corollary that leagues of nations, international courts and convocations of diplomats are merely ostentatious futilities. In an unguarded moment Mr. Lloyd George once admitted that if the common man could grasp the real purposes of statesmen, he would be disinclined to submit himself to the risk of getting killed for them in war. Magnus Johnson seems to understand this. It is not a little refreshing to find a Senator who talks, on occasion, not like a politician, but from an inspiration of plain common-sense.

Now that the Clean Books League has again complained that much of the literature of the day is grossly immoral, it may be said once more in rejoinder that the League itself is downright dishonest, and is therefore not exactly competent to act as a keeper of the public conscience. Last year the League came near securing the passage at Albany of a bill which would have made it impossible for authors and publishers prosecuted by the censors to secure a fair hearing in the courts. The bill provided that the grand

jury might bring an indictment on the basis of any passage or passages in a published work; and it provided also that when an indictment was so brought, the trial-judge and the jury should give no consideration to any other part of the book in question. Under the provisions of the new bill presently to be submitted to the Assembly, the grand jury may still indict upon a single passage, but the judge is free to admit other portions of the book as evidence, if he so desires. In other words, the passage selected by the prosecutor still constitutes "the act," while the remainder of the work may or may not be admitted as evidence to prove the quality of this act.

OBVIOUSLY this revision of the law of censorship leaves the case still weighted against the defendant, who is compelled to prove his innocence by securing, if he can, the admission in evidence of any portions of the book which the prosecutor does not wish to have considered. It seems to us that in fairness the situation should be exactly the reverse; that is, the prosecutor should be required to prove, on the basis of a book as a whole, that the defendant is guilty. Wherever the judge and the jury are possessed of a little common sense, it is no easy job to convict the defendant in this way; but facility of conviction is not, we take it, the object of any decent system of law and justice. The statement put out by Justice Ford, the founder of the Clean Books League, will perhaps suffice to show whether it is justice or easy conviction that interests the League: "The trouble has been heretofore," he says, "that the law has been held to require the grand jury to read the whole work before indicting on any immoral passages. This inflicts a heavy burden on the grand jurors, and one they are not willing to shoulder. The grand jurors indicted in the case of comparatively short books, but they would not indict on a long book. . . . The new law would save the grand jury the trouble of studying the whole of such works."

THE House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church appears to have taken another step towards removing any remaining reasons for the separate existence of that religious body. At its meeting at Dallas, Texas, 14 November, a declaration was adopted reaffirming belief in the Virgin Birth, ordering a statement to that effect to be read in "every Episcopal church throughout the land," and requiring of every bishop, priest and deacon a declaration that doubt about the Apostles' Creed is "contrary to his ordination vows." The impelling motive for this action, it is said, was a petition, signed by Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania and many others, calling attention to the alleged "Unitarian" utterances of Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts. Under the circumstances, we see no particular reason why the Protestant Episcopal Church, or at least so much of it as is disposed to follow its bishops, should not go over to Rome and be done with it. After all, there are advantages in being logical, even in religion; and where there appears to be essential unity of belief there might as well be unity of organization.

As long as our political system embraces the principle of "one man, one vote," our national politicians will be obliged, every four years, to generate or simulate some kind of interest in the Negroes. According to Mr. Mark Sullivan, writing in the *New York Tribune*, the Republicans are hoping that the Negroes who have recently migrated to the North will swing some of the doubtful States into the Republican line-up. On the other hand, some of the Northern Democrats are already counting the Negro votes that Mr. William G. McAdoo will win for them, if he is nominated. The memory of the Civil War is not as vivid

as it once was, or as serviceable to the Republicans; and in certain quarters the Negroes are undoubtedly more influenced by the fact that Mr. McAdoo voted them equal pay for equal work, when he was director-general of railways. It is on such crumbs of justice that the Negro voter must nourish his political loyalty for lack of a more substantial offering by either of the grand old parties.

At a conference of British clergymen—Anglican, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist—held in Switzerland a few weeks ago, the problem of world-peace was discussed with considerable interest. In a bulletin issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, we are told that "one influential leader justified wars for the defence of the weak, and the deliverance of the oppressed." Doubtless, too, he quoted Scripture to his purpose, for even the devil is said to have mastered that accomplishment. "Another [ever mindful of the command to do no wrong that good may come] submitted as a guiding principle: War is justified if it is necessary for an end greater than peace." In a concluding resolution the conference anathematized war, with bell, book and candle; but apparently the divines were opposed only to wars in general and in principle, and not to the one war nearest at hand, the only one that can ever be supported or opposed in any consequential fashion. At any rate, we are told that nearly all the members of the conference were agreed that, in the circumstances, Britain could not honourably have done other than she did in 1914. The discussion gave evidence of an "uneasy feeling that killing is never right," and we therefore infer that if Christians are in any way to be distinguished from other people, it is only by their capacity for acting against conscience.

THE other day we saw in the streets of New York City a milk-wagon emblazoned with the crest of the Dairy-men's League. We had seen this bold device on many a barnyard gate in the up-State counties, but we had not before observed it in the metropolis, and the sight was a most pleasant one. The League was organized by the milk-producers who serve the needs of New York City, with the primary object of promoting collective bargaining with the large distributors who have so long controlled the milk-business, and thus securing a larger share of the ultimate selling-price for the farmer. All this promises now to lead naturally to the development of a distributing-service by the League itself, and we are told that it is already dealing directly with certain large consumers. In the retail distribution of milk, as it is now conducted, a great many men are employed under conditions which have led to considerable friction between employers and employees. With the farmers unionized on the one side and the wagon-drivers on the other, it is perhaps not too much to hope that the two groups will eventually be able to handle the business of production and distribution co-operatively, without the intervention of a middle-man. At any rate, the idea ought to appeal to those of our readers who are always after us for something constructive and practical.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

HOLMES AND BRANDEIS DISSENTING.

WHEN the late William J. Gaynor was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, he occasionally prefaced a decision by pointing out that in the case before him justice and the law did not take the same path, and he would give his decision according to the dictates of justice and let the higher courts reverse him if they chose. This bold humanism earned him much well-deserved criticism in the legal profession; for while in principle the courts are established as instruments of justice, the legalistic mind, as it narrows down from precedent to precedent, not infrequently finds that the exigencies of correct procedure compel it to reduce justice to an irrelevance, if not to an actual impropriety. From time to time we have felt impelled to comment on decisions made under such exigencies, and we have speculated, with humble admiration, on the amazing psychological change that seems to overtake the ordinary mortal selected to sit in judgment over his fellow-men. We are moved to these recollections by a decision of the United States Supreme Court which in our opinion—if, without danger of blasphemy, one may express an opinion in such matters—treats with considerable levity the general issue of free speech, and, in particular, the personal liberties of Mr. Charles L. Craig, Comptroller of the City of New York.

Mr. Craig holds one of the most important administrative positions in our public life, in which he supervises the distribution and expenditure of funds amounting to \$350 million a year. It may be added, though it has nothing to do with the case, that despite certain defects of temperament which have marred his relations with some of his associates in the city Government, Mr. Craig, in his six years in office, has shown himself an able and conscientious public servant. Four years ago, in the course of public duty, he felt impelled to write to a fellow-official a letter criticizing certain actions of a Federal judge, Mr. Julius Mayer, in relation to a receivership over some privately-managed traction-lines in which the city had an investment of \$110 million. Mr. Craig took the view that in arranging the details of the receivership, the "friendly" application for which had come before his court, Judge Mayer had slighted somewhat the interests of the city, and that his rulings had been such that it was impossible for the city's officials to secure facts about the traction-lines which were essential to the public interest. Judge Mayer regarded this view as a misinterpretation of fact. Had he been an ordinary citizen, he could have matched Mr. Craig with a statement of his own, and, if Mr. Craig's letter contained slanderous implications, he could have put the truth to the test through the established rules of procedure; but being a judge, he adjudged Mr. Craig in contempt of court and sentenced him to serve sixty days in jail. In our opinion—if again one may express an opinion about such matters without being shot at sunrise—the simplicity of Judge Mayer's procedure to secure the last word in the argument was charmingly mediæval.

In the course of four years—such is the dizzy pace of our legal machinery—Mr. Craig and his contempt came before the Supreme Court, and now the authorities of that revered museum have refused to examine his sentence on the ground that Mr. Craig took the wrong procedure to go about getting it examined. It appears that he secured a writ of habeas corpus, whereas he should have appealed from the order com-

mitting him; and so Chief Justice Taft and five of his associates express their regret that they can not consider the merits of Mr. Craig's claim of error, or keep him from serving his sentence. In ordinary life, if a man took the wrong road on a journey, it would seem odd if in the course of four years some authority along the path were not moved to set him right, or if in the end he were not permitted to rectify his error and set forth on the correct route to his destination; but in legal processes there are mysteries which must always puzzle the logically-minded layman.

The Supreme Court was not unanimous in its decision. When questions affecting human liberty come before that body to be patiently ignored, there is still a heretic or two to recall that he has a human figure under the silk robe; and the phrase "Justices Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" has almost come to take on the character of an institution. Justices Holmes and Brandeis held that Mr. Craig's route to the Supreme Court was thoroughly orthodox. They had no qualms about making an appraisal of his case; and Justice Holmes, with the concurrence of his colleague, declared that "unless a judge while sitting can lay hold of any one who ventures to publish anything that tends to make him unpopular or belittle him, I can not see what power Judge Mayer had to touch Mr. Craig."

As a whole, however, the Supreme Court seems to display—if one may make the remark without being drawn and quartered—a decided lassitude about personal liberty. Under the Espionage law some 2000 persons were convicted on counts abridging their right to freedom of opinion; which right would seem to be guaranteed by the First Amendment to the Constitution. It was perhaps unfortunate that the first of the cases under the Espionage law to come before the Court was one of the few cases where there was clear incitement to resist the draft law, and no real issue of free speech was involved. In this case the Court, in an opinion written by Justice Holmes, rejected the defendant's plea of unconstitutionality, and asserted the doctrine that, in time of crisis, utterances "of such a nature as to involve a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent" could be punished by the courts. Taking this theory as a basis, the Court in subsequent cases placidly accepted decisions of the lower courts whose lavish and enthusiastic interpretations of the Espionage law seemed to leave little or nothing of the First Amendment.

At this late day some of the cases which passed before the Court for review seem—if one may so remark without courting a term in the hoosegow—a bit grotesque. There was the case of some Socialists in Chicago who circulated a pamphlet attributing certain economic motives to the decision of the American Government to enter the war. The majority opinion of the Supreme Court declared that this assertion was wilfully mendacious, because President Wilson's war-address, and the joint resolution of Congress declaring war, attributed the action to idealistic motives, and the idealistic motives were a matter of common knowledge! There was the case of a group of five extremely youthful Russians in New York, who received aggregate sentences of seventy-eight years for circulating a pamphlet criticizing Mr. Wilson's invasion of Russia. The trial court held that their criticisms interfered with the war against Germany, and the Supreme Court sustained the convictions. There was also the case of the venerable Mr. Eugene Debs, whose name has become a symbol of liberty and humane feeling among great numbers of humble people. Mr. Debs was convicted

of attempting to cause insubordination in the army and to obstruct recruiting, after he had, in a public speech, expressed his abhorrence of war and stated that he recoiled with horror from the thought of a bayonet "being plunged through the white, quivering flesh of a human being." His conviction for such eminently Christian sentiments was sustained by the Supreme Court. It would appear that these various affirmations in cases where personal liberty and free speech were at issue served only an academic purpose as far as the war was concerned, for no case under the Espionage law came before the Supreme Court before the Germans had surrendered.

It is only fair to add that in other cases where personal liberty of sorts has been involved the Supreme Court has shown a stern interest, and has even gone so far as to overturn, in defence of this liberty, laws regularly placed upon the statute-books. Seven years ago Congress passed a law prohibiting the employment in industry of any child under fourteen years of age, and limiting to eight hours the working-day of children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years. On behalf of a worker in a cotton-mill in South Carolina an injunction was secured against the law on the ground that it restricted the liberty of his two sons, twelve and fourteen years old respectively, who were each earning about a dollar a day in the mill. The two children whose rights were affected never appeared in court, and of course they were incapable of understanding the implications of their case. It is a fair guess that the father was little better informed; but wealthy philanthropists not unconnected with the milling-industry supplied an imposing array of counsel, and so the matter was carried to the Supreme Court and the law was declared null and void. The decision was based on unimpeachable legal authority, and we have no desire to criticize it; yet at this late day the origins of the case—if one may suggest it without being boiled in oil—seem a bit shabby and trivial.

We are reminded of this item of history by an article in *Labour*, a weekly periodical in Washington, D. C., which was recently moved to have a reporter seek out the two mill-children in the case and discover how they had benefited by having the Supreme Court, in behalf of their liberties, nullify a law. The father and the younger boy had vanished, as insignificant persons do; but the older boy was traced to a little mill-town where he was found, an adult now, conspicuously undereducated and undernourished, weighing 105 pounds, living in a shabby company-shack with a wife who had already patriotically produced a specimen of future mill-fodder. When asked what benefit he had received, the young man recalled that "when the big lawyers came down from the North" they had taken himself and his brother for a ride in a motor-car and had given each of them a glass of coca-cola. For the rest, he expressed the opinion that if the law had not been voided he might have been able to go to school a little, and been better equipped for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Of course such irrelevancies are all very well for a reporter, but the law, as it is interpreted for us, rises superior to them. While the simple-minded layman is not infrequently puzzled over interpretative decrees which seem to him distorted and to display a strange inconsistency, he would probably be well-advised to leave such mysteries to the elect. The robed high-priests of the legal temple derive their office and their authority from a semi-divine antiquity. Their decisions have a continuity and a consistency stretching back to the dim beginnings of organized government,

of which they are the instruments; and if one analyzes the matter deeply enough, this consistency is found to stretch through the case of the mill-children, the cases of Mr. Debs and the free-speech prisoners of the I. W. W., and the case of Mr. Craig. "The law, in its majestic equality," wrote M. Anatole France, "permits the rich as well as the poor to sleep under the bridges and to beg for bread." This noble tribute of the French philosopher does not cover the whole ground, but it sets one on the way to a sympathetic understanding.

OUR "POPULAR" GOVERNMENT.

THE Sixty-eighth Congress, whose first session began Monday, 3 December, numbers ninety-six Senators and some four hundred and thirty-nine Representatives, counting in the latter figure the delegates from the Territories and the Philippine Islands. All of the Representatives and approximately one-third of the Senators were elected in November of last year; but since a new Congress never meets until four months after its members have been chosen, and not until thirteen months after the election unless the President chooses to summon it earlier, all of the members-elect have been twirling their thumbs for nine months with no legislative duties to occupy them, and the members who did not serve in the preceding Congress have been left in idleness for more than a year. In any other country in the world the death of the executive head of the State and the accession of his successor would have led to the summoning of the national legislature; but there is neither precedent nor Constitutional obligation of that kind in this country, and accordingly the Sixty-eighth Congress will meet only at the fixed time which the Constitution prescribes. President Coolidge might have summoned Congress earlier if he had chosen to do so, but he has preferred to wait; and since Congress can not meet of itself except on the first Monday of December, it too has had to wait.

The session which opened on 3 December may continue, if Congress so desire, until the first Monday of December, 1924. Custom, however, will probably dictate an adjournment in the late summer or early fall of next year, in order that the members may take part in the Presidential and Congressional campaign; for the whole House of Representatives and another one-third of the Senate are to be elected in November, 1924. In other words, before a new member of the House will have had time to "learn the ropes" well enough to be of any particular use to the country, he and all his colleagues, together with the outgoing one-third of the Senate, will be called upon to face another election. Then, early in December, a month after the results of the election are known, Congress will re-assemble, and the members who were defeated in the electoral battle, but whose terms of office nevertheless run on until 4 March, 1925, will have three months in which to put into the statute-book as much "lame-duck" legislation as they can induce the two Houses to enact and the President to approve; another batch of newly-elected members, meantime, being left to cool their heels for at least the same three months, and, if the President so chooses, for thirteen.

We have recalled these elementary and presumably well-known facts in order to direct attention once more to the wholly anomalous nature of the American governmental system. Ever since the Constitution of the United States came into existence, the system which it created has been variously described, often with an

unction which seemed to betoken something like conviction, as "representative" or "popular" or "democratic"; but what, quite frankly, is there about it to merit either of those terms? Whom or what, for example, does a Representative or Senator represent? Theoretically, of course, he represents the people: the people of a district if he be a Congressman, the people of a State if he be a Senator. Unlike the President, too, he is actually voted for directly by the people who elect him. If this were the whole story, the system at this point might properly be described as both representative and popular. Everybody knows, however, that very few persons are ever elected to either branch of Congress who are not party-nominees, that the controlling force in a party is the party-machine, and that the dominating influences with the machine are the interests whose claims of privilege parties, candidates, legislators and the Government itself are practically bound to serve. Moreover, such semblance of responsibility as attaches to the formal process of election disappears completely once the candidate has been returned. The Constitutional term of office of a Representative is two years, that of a Senator six years; and until the stars in their courses have brought the date set down in the almanac, nothing short of personal misconduct sufficient to justify his associates in impeaching or expelling him can get him out once he is safely in.

We have, in short, not a popular or democratic or representative Government, but an irresponsible one. The connexion between the Government and the people which would enable the people to control their Government is lacking, save such as consists in the privilege of taking part in an election every two years; the only effective accountability is to the interests which the majority of the members represent. Doubtless the overwhelming defeat of a party at a biennial election is to be regarded as a rebuke, and such a rebuke has more than once been administered; but the force of the rebuke even then is greatly weakened, and may be largely destroyed, by the unparalleled delay of thirteen months between the election of a new Congress and the first meeting of the Houses, or by the lapse of nine months, as has happened this year, with no meeting of Congress at all. With the lack of power to call the national legislature to account goes also the total lack of power to compel it to act, or even to suggest that it should act: there is no Constitutional method by which the people may propose legislation to Congress, any more than there is of "taking the sense of the country" in regard to legislation pending or proposed. With the single exception of a biennial election in which national, State, sectional, personal and party issues are inextricably mixed, the divorce of Government and people is practically complete.

We venture to think that herein will be found the chief explanation of the portentous indifference, amounting in many quarters to ill-concealed contempt, with which the doings of Congress have come to be regarded. Where responsibility is lacking there can not be, in any proper sense, a national policy; the only policy is that of leaders who, secure against the interference of public opinion, serve the interests of privilege. No one cares particularly what the President recommends, for the President is even less responsible to the people than Congress, and the wisest recommendations may be defeated by the interested opposition of either House. No one is deeply stirred by the announcement that Senator So-and-so or Representative Somebody-else proposes to do this or that; we know very well that he can not do it, or even go very far

in trying to do it, if party and privilege combine against him, because there is no responsible Government to challenge and no effective public opinion to which he can appeal. It is not by accident or oversight that the debates of Congress are scantily reported by the press, or that the daily issues of the *Congressional Record* can not be bought at news-stalls; people do not read about things that seem to them remote or unreal.

Instead, therefore, of deluding ourselves with the expectation that the incoming Congress will extricate the country from any of its multiple embarrassments, or complaining that the extrication would have been begun long ago if only the voters had sent to Congress better men, it would be more worth while to give some thought to the serious question how best to secure in these United States a Government of, by and for the people. A nation of more than a hundred million people without leadership or policy, and with a Constitutional system ingeniously contrived to make both leadership and policy impossible, is more than an anomaly; it is a menace to liberty, here and everywhere. The country could get on very well for a time without any further legislation, without any further treaties or international agreements, and without any further decisions of the Supreme Court from which Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis regularly dissent, if in the interval the establishment of a Government which the people might control were seriously and courageously undertaken. There can be no healthy political life in a nation which does not take its politics seriously, and it is useless to urge the American nation to take its politics seriously as long as the control of the Government is out of the people's hands.

THE RUSSIAN FLOUR-BARREL.

THE Department of Agriculture has recently performed a service of the greatest value to people who really want to know how things are going in Russia. All prejudices and predispositions aside, it has been next to impossible to get anything out of the comparison of the economic statistics of the Tsarist Empire with those of Soviet Russia, for the simple reason that the old Empire and the new Republic are far from identical in area. Again and again we have seen figures for pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary production compared and contrasted, to the disadvantage of new Russia, in total disregard of the fact that production in the Baltic region is now tabulated by separate Governments, and reported in dispatches from new capitals.

Our Department of Agriculture now offers, very diffidently, what it calls "rough preliminary estimates" for pre-revolutionary agricultural acreage and output in the area at present included within the Soviet State; and opposite these estimates, for purposes of a valid comparison, it sets the reports of the Central Statistical Bureau at Moscow, for the year 1922. From these tables we learn that the number of acres sown to wheat last year was 22,400,000, as against an average of 74,500,000 for the years 1909-13. In the case of rye, the recovery has been more rapid, and the figures are, respectively, 46,000,000 and 63,000,000. "The most significant fact pointing to Russian recovery is an increase of from fifteen to twenty per cent in the acreage sown to crops this season [1923]." Because of unfavourable weather-conditions, the Soviet Government expects this year a somewhat reduced yield per acre, but the foundations of prosperity have

nevertheless been laid in the extension of the area sown; and already, as the Department says, "Russia shows marked tendencies toward returning to its pre-war position as an exporter."

The reappearance of Russian grain in Western European markets may be taken to indicate, not a return to the old balance between consumption and production in Russia, but the establishment of conditions that are altogether novel. If there be one fact above another that is fundamental to an understanding of the history of modern Russia, it is the fact that the grain-exports of the Empire did not represent a surplus above the needs of the people who actually produced the grain. In 1903, Premier Witte's Agrarian Committee reported that "when the harvest is normal the amount of nutriment obtained by the peasant is, on the average, thirty per cent below the minimum physiologically requisite to maintain the strength of an adult worker on land." In the period 1901-5, the Government was obliged to spend on the average twenty-three and one-half millions of roubles annually for the relief of hunger, and in the famine-year of 1912, public assistance was extended to 8,000,000 people.

With great masses of the agricultural population thus unable to support themselves on their own holdings, and always on the verge of starvation, the question naturally arises, where did the grain-surplus come from? The answer is that it came in considerable part from the large estates where the peasants were once obliged to work for the landlords, and where they are now working for themselves. Under the old regime, the generality of the peasants raised rye on their own small allotments for their own consumption, and wheat on the landlords' estates for export. The figures given above indicate that rye-culture is recovering much more rapidly than wheat-culture, which is simply another way of saying that the peasants are extending their own familiar operations to the manorial lands. With these lands under cultivation by people who are likely to put their firstfruits into their own flour-barrels, we may perhaps assume, as we never could before, on the evidence of the grain-export, that most of the peasants are now getting enough to eat.

TOADSTOOLS.

IN one of his earlier books Mark Twain tells of seeing a toadstool which in its growth had dislodged and pushed up into the air a mass of tangled roots and leaves, amounting to twice its own bulk. Commenting on this display of strength, he says: "Ten thousand toadstools with the right purchase could lift a man, I suppose. But what good would it do?"

There should be more of this strong common sense employed to make our estimate of our civilization less formal and more fundamental. One of the most striking differences between the Oriental mind and ours is seen here. The Oriental is struck with our way of regarding things and actions as good in themselves, without reference to individual and personal realization; and it seems strange and unnatural to him. Railways, banks, telephones, finance-companies, industrial development, newspapers—all such things are most commonly and generally accepted among us as absolute goods in themselves, quite irrespective of their effect upon the spirit of the individual life, and the quality of the collective life, which are lived under their influence. Let a new railway be laid out, or the postal service be increased, or some new device be

invented for quickening communication or transportation, and our general tendency is to accept it at once without question as a good thing, not considering that its whole value is to be measured by its effect upon the spirit and quality of life, and that until this effect be ascertained our estimate of it is worthless and misleading. Our newspapers teach us to take this formal and mechanical view of trade-balances and the expansion of industry, never raising the question whether these actually tend towards a better spirit and finer quality of human life or whether they tend towards a spiritual impoverishment and vulgarization; nor is it regularly pointed out that unless they are so employed as progressively to improve life, unless they are practically interpreted in terms of personal realization, they are hardly worth having.

Surely common sense and the free play of consciousness upon the facts of the material world about us are enough to show that this formal view, almost universal as it is, is superficial and retarding. We read the other day a complaint from a railway-official about new trackage. It seems that only a few miles of new trackage have been laid during the past year. He spoke of this as a calamity, as indeed it may be, but the mere fact does not prove itself as such. One must go further and ask whether it can be shown that individual realization has at all profited, and if so how much, by what trackage we already have. How does the spirit of American life compare, indeed, with the spirit of life at a period when there was no trackage at all? Again, we read not long ago a statement by the president of a great chemical concern, in which he predicted that science would possibly before long enable us to produce synthetic food, cheap fuel, artificial wool; to store solar heat, to do without sleep and to prolong mental and physical vigour. The tone of the statement left no doubt that this chemist regarded all these matters as absolute goods in themselves, whereas clearly they are nothing of the kind. If they are made to tend towards the enrichment and deepening of the spiritual life of man, they will be good; if they are made to tend against it, they will be bad; if they are made to tend neither way, they are of no consequence except in point of curiosity, like Mark Twain's toadstool.

Again, we lately saw the advertisement of a life-extension institute, headed, "Do You Want to Add Ten Years to Your Life?" Here once more the obvious assumption was that longevity is in itself a good and desirable thing. But is it? There is of course in all of us the primary instinct of self-preservation which speaks out strongly in favour of living as long as we can; and it is to this instinct, this irrational and almost bloodthirsty clinging to life, that the advertisement was intended to appeal. As such it seemed to us, we admit, a little ignoble; we were reminded, as all such enterprises which are now so much in vogue remind us, of Julius Cæsar's remark that life is not worth having at the expense of an ignoble solicitude about it. But instinct apart, the worth of such enterprises is measured, surely, by the quality of the life which we are invited to prolong. The content of the average life being what it is, and its prospects of spiritual enlargement and enrichment being what they are, may longevity be so indubitably regarded as an absolute good that one is justified in an almost ferocious effort to attain it?

We are not now concerned that these questions be answered; we are concerned only that they be raised. We are concerned with the habit, which seems to us unintelligent and vicious, of regarding potential access-

ories to civilization as essential elements in civilization. We insist that civilization is not to be measured in terms of longevity, trackage, the abundance of banks and newspapers, the speed and frequency of mails, and the like. Civilization is the progressive humanization of men in society, and all these things may or may not sustain a helpful relation to the process. At certain periods and places, indeed, the process has been carried notably further without any of them than it is now carried with all of them. When we learn to regard them intelligently, when we persuade ourselves that their benefit is potential and relative, not actual and absolute, then we are in the way of intelligently and quickly applying them to the furtherance of true civilization; but as long as we unintelligently regard them as absolute goods in themselves, we shall merely fumble with them.

MISCELLANY.

ONE wonders why the power of the boycott is so little understood in this country, as compared with the understanding of it that prevails even in Europe, let alone in Oriental lands. In any European country that I know of, for instance, if a judge had rendered such a decision as Justice Mayer gave lately against Mr. Craig, half the bar would have refused to do business in his court or to speak to him on the street, or in general to treat him otherwise than as a disreputable person. He would encounter on all sides such a strong personal expression of repugnance that his life, if he had any sensibilities at all, would be most unpleasant. I can not imagine anything of the kind here. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the fact that this country has never had a system of responsible government. The individual has so long felt the sense of powerlessness in public affairs that he has adopted a kind of fatalistic attitude towards them.

In the East, and particularly in China, on the other hand, where there is a different relation between the individual and the political authorities, the boycott is a natural weapon and a very effective one, and the resort to it is spontaneous and unorganized. Protest against Justice Mayer in this country would mean big meetings, endless windy oratory, newspaper-talk, and an organization with a chairman, a secretary and treasurer, and a long list of hefty names on a letter-head. Not so in China: people at large would proceed to treat Justice Mayer as if he did not exist. Merchants would decline to sell him goods, his physician and dentist would decline to serve him, his banker would ask him to shift his account, society would ostracize him completely and his acquaintance would pass him by on the other side; and all without collusion or even discussion. There is great force in this method, and it seems as applicable here as anywhere. I observed with great interest that instead of taking the usual inane diplomatic course against Switzerland for the assassination of Vorovsky, the Soviet Government quietly declared a boycott against everything Swiss. The Russians are intelligent enough to conduct a boycott effectively, and I believe that before it is lifted the Swiss will rue Vorovsky's death.

OUR old-line political parties are quite clearly suffering from the loss of their careful old dry-nurses who have all died off and left their places unfilled. When Quay, Platt, Penrose, Murray Crane were moving noiselessly about with the pap-bottle, whispering a quieting word here and there to a fractious candidate, or now and again seeing that he had his piece learned and his hair brushed and his ears washed, things went better. There is a notable difference between conservative leadership and

such leadership as is being shown in Russia now, for instance. The tory spirit wants a boss who will say what is to be done and stop at that; and such a boss it has always had until quite lately, when all of a sudden there seemed to be no more of them forthcoming. The Russian political spirit also wants a boss who will say what is to be done; but while the boss is bossing, it expects him, apparently, to do a lot of educating as well. This is an interesting development, and the upshot of it will be worth watching.

It is nearly twenty years since I read Turgenev's "Smoke," the novel that made such an uproar in Russia on account of its merciless castigation of the "modern spirit" prevailing among the author's countrymen. Looking at it again last week, I was astonished to find how little space Turgenev devoted to this exercise. The book itself is brief, as novels go; probably fifty thousand words; and Turgenev contrived to get the whole substance of a Russian "Main Street" and "Babbitt," both together, into two or three episodes, totalling perhaps as much as twenty pages! Two things our modern novelists might learn from Turgenev, if they would condescend to read him with a critical eye. One is, how not to inflate an episode into a novel; and the second is, how to preserve a right moral relation to their subject. "Smoke" is an object-lesson in both these matters.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

ITALIAN QUATRAINS.

Naples: Palazzo.

Lordly amid the rotting houses of the street
It lifts a marble scorn; while at its carven feet
They crowd in ancient filth. It does not look at them,
These crumbling beggars catching at its dark and stony hem.

Hairdressing.

There on the littered street she sits, and chats with passing friends,
While a deft neighbour combs her hair, piles high the sleek,
black ends;
She holds her gushing nipple to the child upon her knee,
Plucks vermin from its curls; and sells her oranges to me.

Lemon Trees.

The trees are ripe with yellow birds, I vow,
Perched close and drowsy on their April bough;
Fat songsters, pour for me your sour-sweet notes,
Dripping and warm from out your golden throats!

Olive Tree.

Moonlight is always on its leaves;
At noon there is a midnight air
About its branches, that deceives
Lovers who chance to wander there.

Sabbath Morning.

Beyond my room's rose-covered convent wall
I hear the priests chanting; lusty pagans bawl
Their Latin words . . . What stirred the ilex-tree?
I'll swear that satyr's stone mouth grinned at me!

Rome: Under the Dome of St. Peter's.

At last they builded wide enough, O Lord!
Here is no walled confinement of Thy Heart,
No ending to the echoes of Thy Word;
This lifting dome lifts on to where Thou art!

Statue of St. Peter.

This shining bronze is Peter's living toe!
Kiss upon faithful kiss have made it so.
Prayer upon prayer hold safe the heavenly keys.
Thou who denied! Great Saint, deny not these!

LEONORA SPEYER.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

FEW books have managed to draw into their pages more of the unregenerate body of the earth than have the works of François Rabelais. In truth these exultant and extravagant pages seem writ, as it were, with the actual rank sweat of our planet, with the bitter, salt sweat that for ever rises from the commons and goose-greens of the world, from those commons and goose-greens whose gay levels, for all their buttercups and daisies, are soundly chequered with round, flat, homely cow-pats.

But what perhaps especially separates this good great work from all others is the fact that amid its boisterous joviality, its sly whimsicality, its monumental and monstrous bawdry, one comes continually upon utterances of the gravest and most profound significance. The riotous earth of Rabelais's conception rolls and rollicks it under the still, frosty light of the eternal stars like a coopered barrel of beer tumbled and jogged across the floor of the universe; and scarcely have we found time to register a protest against the acceptance of such jolly friskings, maintaining, as best we may, that life has more in it than just that, when, behold! we hear words spoken above the music of the spheres, above the hum of the outer darkness, which cause us to discover, with a sense of infinite relief, that, as a matter of fact, nobody understands better than Rabelais the desperate nature of the human situation. And undoubtedly it is this very solicitude about our fate, so vigorous and yet so tender, that to a great extent explains the hold that this work has had upon men's minds for close upon four hundred years.

Rabelais was born near Chinon, and his earliest recollections had to do with the fat, grain-growing, grape-producing fields of Touraine. He knew what it was to keep starlings from the vineyards in spring-time; to pick a pannier-full of purple mulberries in August; to thrash a walnut tree in October; and to spend long, drowsy, fireside hours sitting in the great family-kitchen during the winter months. It was doubtless the memory of one such evening, stored away in his mind for years afterwards like a cask of un-forgotten wine in a rich cellar, that inspired him to write those most mellow sentences which have to do with the home-life of the most good, most royal Grangousier, "who after supper warmeth his ballocks by a good clear great fire, and waiting upon the broiling of some chestnuts is very serious in drawing scratches on the hearth, with a stick burnt at one end, wherewith they did stir up the fire, telling to his wife and the rest of the family pleasant old stories and tales of former times."

Shut away in a monastery from such happy surroundings when still only a lad, his energy for many years found expression in absorbing the new learning. But alas! these pursuits only led him into trouble. His cell was searched and was found to contain books in that language which the instinct of his ignorant fellow-monks suspected, not altogether unjustly perhaps, as being entirely inimical to the spirit of mediæval Christianity. To understand Greek with its strange, clear-cut, artistic lettering, with its lucid, uninhibited methods of reasoning, there could not but be definite evil in that! But perhaps their eccentric intellectual brother had in other ways provoked their hostility. Certain legends have come down to us concerning Rabelais's conduct at Fontenay-le-Comte which ought to be remembered. Had he not on a certain famous festival played the devil with the lustral water in the chapel-stoups, and with even more malice on another occasion diluted their refectory-wine with some vil-

laneous aphrodisiac concoction—that same red wine which they had trodden out in the autumn and had hoped to whiff up in the winter?

Rabelais escaped further persecution at the hands of the Grey brothers by appealing to a higher authority, to no less a person than Pope Clement VII. To use influential personages as so many stalking-horses was a practice which in later life he reduced to a fine art. Until the day of his death he was content to remain a sly assailant of obscurantism, ambushed behind this or that formal potentate. It is clear he had no predilection for the stake. On every side he saw men being burnt alive for their opinions. "Now God forbid," he cried, "that I should die this death! for I am by nature sufficiently dry already without heating myself any further." And between Catholics and Protestants he had a hard enough time of it to keep a whole skin on his back. Orthodox churchmen would always have been glad to lay hands on him, while Robert Estienne from his refuge at John Calvin's side kept inveighing against "the theologians of Paris for not burning Rabelais, the atheist."

What then does Rabelais, this great modern ancient, teach? Above everything a courageous acceptance of existence for its own sake. He is no mincing idealist. He loves the hurly-burly, the large, brutal transactions of life. He feels no misgivings. He accepts the hungry, carnivorous world as he finds it, full of "jolly pugs and well-mouthed wenches," full of "excellent godebillios of the dun ox (you know with the black streak)" and monstrous mares of "burnt sorrel hue" with "slouch ears, like the goats in Languedoc." He likes a world in which there are forests "most horribly fertile and copious in dorfles, hornets and wasps," and where "a pair of breeches is not so easily got; I have experience of it"; and yet at the same time where a man may sit an hour or two "at Innocents the pastry cook over against the painted wine shop at Chinon," or go to mass with a thick-covered breviary weighing heavy with its grease and clasps, or visit the kitchen "to see what roast meat is on the spit," or "pass through certain meadows or grassy places to behold the trees and plants," or, when night is full, look out of the castle window "to see the face of the sky."

He is intolerant of all that is false and artificial. A goose-step education, an education that is narrow, insular and standardized, exists he declares, "but to bastardize good and noble spirits and to corrupt all the flower of youth"; better to follow the good Gargantua's example than to allow the natural philosophic temper of one's mind to be spoiled by the adhesion of so many false, stereotyped and dead ideas; better in fact to study "some paltry half-hour with eyes fixed upon a book but with one's mind in the kitchen," and then go "to see a coney ferrited or caught in a gin . . . or to lie tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs."

Hypocrites of every cast are as bitter to Rabelais's taste as the pilgrims in his salad were to Gargantua. Of doctors he says, "a hundred devils leap into my body if there are not more old drunkards than old physicians." As for monks, "the very shadow of the steeple of an abbey," he declares, "is fruitful." Picrochole, who is used by him as the exact prototype of an evil mischief-making monarch, he is content to leave as a "common porter at Lyons as testy and pettish in humour as ever he was before." "These devilish kings which we have," he says, "are but as so many calves; they know nothing and are good for nothing but to do a thousand mischiefs to their poor

subjects, and to trouble all the world with war for their unjust and detestable pleasure."

He is opposed to all that is mean, small, conventional; to the proprieties which are invented to restrain and hold back the free and frank expression of natural emotion.

"Never trust those men that always peep out at one hole."

"Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and direction."

The fact is that there is more in these works than Mr. John Sumner and the rest of the "rabble of great pocky loggerheads" who clamour against them are able to discern. Nobody can write of Our Lord with more devotion than can Rabelais when he is so disposed. Consider Friar John's stout words as he sipped his wine: "O how good is God, that gives us of this excellent juice! I call him to witness, if I had been in the time of Jesus Christ, I would have kept him from being taken by the Jews in the garden of Olivet. And the devil fail me, if I should have failed to cut off the hams of those gentlemen-apostles who ran away so basely after they had well supped, and left their good master in the lurch."

What passage in all literature could be found more truly religious than Pantagruel's explanation of that mysterious cry, "Pan is dead," which was heard over the waves of the Mediterranean at the time that Tiberius Cæsar sat upon the Imperial throne! Coming as it does in the very midst of such vast, grotesque, gorbellied merriment, it strikes one to the heart as might some graceful, magnanimous benediction heard unexpectedly from the lips of an heroic drunkard. We are laughing all of us "like a swarm of flies," and suddenly we find ourselves listening to this fine, ironic tribute to that most incredible and desperate of man's fancies which conceives as possible that the son of God actually in very truth came down to visit the high roads, the farmyards, the pantries of the earth, from beyond the familiar aura of the moon, from beyond the wide expanses of our solar system, from beyond the outer borders of the cold constellations.

For my part I understand it of that great Saviour of the faithful who was shamefully put to death at Jerusalem by the envy and wickedness of the doctors, priests and monks of the Mosaic law. . . . He is the good Pan. . . . At his death, complaints, sighs, fears and lamentations were spread through the whole fabric of the Universe, whether heavens, land, sea or hell. The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine; for this most good, most mighty Pan, our only Saviour, died near Jerusalem during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Pantagruel, having ended this discourse, remained silent and full of contemplation. A little while after we saw the tears flow out of his eyes as big as ostrich's eggs.

But quite apart from Rabelais's attitude toward Christianity, his mood with regard to all philosophic speculations seems to be penetrated with the profoundest wisdom of the ages. Panurge in referring to the heroes says, "May I never be damned if I was not so much a lobeck as to believe they had been immortal, like so many fine angels." To which Pantagruel answers with sublime and noble simplicity, "I believe that all intellectual souls are exempted from Atropos's scissors."

Indeed, so strong is the underswirl of enigmatic revelation throughout these pages that one comes almost to believe that this wayward, sophisticated French monk was in some especial way conversant with the hidden secrets of the universe:

"Fate leads the willing and the unwilling draws."

"All things tend to their end."

"Good hope lies at the bottom."

Finally, in full recognition of the treacherous nature of all theological conceptions, he commits his readers through the mouth of the Priestess Bacbuc into the almighty protection "of that Intellectual sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere."

How we would like to have had an authentic glimpse of the old man during those last years when he was officiating as parish priest in the village near Paris! Did he also, like the honest schoolman, confess at last that he had finished with argumentations and had come to that pass when he "wanted nothing but a cup of good wine, a good bed, my back to the fire, my belly to the table, and a good deep dish"? It may well have been so, for he had passed through many dangers and up to the last must have felt himself fortunate in that he escaped the fate of Euclion's cock, "which cock, for having by his scraping uncovered a treasure, had his neck twisted round." From certain legendary accounts of his death, it would seem that he accepted that last experience with characteristic equanimity; and indeed who would dare to assert that there has ever lived an intellectual spirit more worthy "to receive the gentlest, the deserved, the last kind embraces of the great Alma Mater, the earth"?

LLEWELYN POWYS.

THE BUSINESS PSYCHLE.

JUST as the business-mores of America have absorbed its diversions and produced a new kind of sport, reflected in the head-lines which report the "gate" of the World Series and of the Dempsey bouts, and a new kind of art, reflected in the kind of dramatic criticism which appears under the head of "Duse plays to \$30,000," so American business is evolving out of its group-interests a new, typically American religion. We are making not only a business of religion, but a religion of business as well.

The anthropologist who studies the mores of the business-tribes can already see the factors which have brought about this development, and how it is already bringing in its train its cults and sects and schisms, its protestants and its papacy, its conflicts between faith and rationalism, its medicine men, its Coués, its Bryans and its evolutionary heretics. Demonism, the evil eye, totemism and even phallic worship have their recrudescence in this religious development.

Whilst the aborigines of Broad Street resign themselves to the mystic influences of the Bull totem or the Bear totem, the *Chicago Tribune* and the Curtis Publishing Company, in full-page ads, cross their fingers and beat the tom-tom of resurgent rotarianism against superstitious rumours of a business-slump. "Wheat is not king." "Europe can't wreck our prosperity." "Only our own politicians [the medicine men of the other tribe] can hurt us; but they won't." "This is the day of opportunity." "We deprecate indulgence in the engaging conversational side of 'normal business-cycles,' standards of living, European situations and other frightening phrases." "Again we say, the country, from every standpoint as far as we can see, is fundamentally sound." Thus are the devils cast out.

In their temple of Venus, the devotees of the rainfall and the crop-cycle re-enact the mystery of the reproduction of the seven-year boom. In the catacombs of Wall Street, followers of the one true Chart kneel about mystic circles and crosses; and in the colos-

seums of collegiate "economic services," primitive statisticians are being fed to the lions. From the tops of skyscrapers the mathematical *muezzins* watch industrial productivity wax and wane, and summon the faithful to sell short. The mendicant friars of Fra Roger preach the new gospel on the highways and by-ways among the Kiwanis and the Rotarians. In the Wartburgs of Wall Street, Luthers rise and throw "pies" at the devil. Darwins of the decimal point deny that July, 1914, was the date of creation. Above the din of calculating machines one can hear the antiphony of "Ein Conference Board ist unser Gott," against the Wesleyan hymn "Business moves in mysterious waves its wonders to perform." Under Pope Hoover, the Department of Commerce makes statistics the State religion and cycling the prescribed ritual. All that is lacking is a Cathedral of St. Index, with stained-glass windows bearing graphs of money-rates, volume of production, wages and the cost of living.

In the swift growth of American business, its religion and its science have recapitulated the racial history of both, so that all stages of that history are evident side by side. There is the demonism which blames the ups and downs on the evil spirits of Bolshevism, or the necromancy of Gompers, or the bad medicine of the Administration. There is the ancestor-worship in which the shades of the tribal gods like Hill, Harriman and Carnegie answer all questions and prescribe the technique of business-regulation. This has largely evolved into the crude anthropomorphism in which the tribe follows, by divination and auspices, the mysterious movements of the Big Interests who divert themselves "obscurely in the background of the market" on Olympus. There is a Zoroastrianism of regularly recurrent light and darkness, Ahriman and Ormuzd, peak and depression. Then follows the worship of divine economic law, and later a faith in tooth-and-claw evolutionism. Finally, in the latest stages, there appears the scientific mechanism which refers the movements of business through rigid causal chains back to agriculture, rainfall and the vagaries of Venus.

All of these phases are still to be found, but comparatively few persons still cling to their tribal gods or swear by the beard of Adam Smith. The ascendant business-religion is now scientific naturalism, with its charts and statistics which ascend like incense to the Grim Graph of the Business-Cycle. The heathen have many Cycles, but for the faithful there is but one Cycle, and Index is his Prophet.

In face of this vigorous new American religion, which is rapidly making disciples and apostles abroad, irreverence and scepticism are not only in bad taste, but they are hardly justified. For, as Voltaire might have said, if the Business-Cycle did not exist it would have been necessary to invent it. Facts are, among other things, facts; and no one can fail to be impressed by the teleological implications of the vast array of facts which the Cyclian Church has accumulated. But the concern of the contemporary anthropologist is not to determine whether a tribal deity actually exists, but to discover why he exists and whom he looks like. Facts, besides being facts, are human frailties and foibles. The most convincing proof of the existence of any god is in the men who made him; and when the religion of business is studied from this point of view, it is speedily clear that the most important fact about the great god Cyclos is the business-tribe itself.

Without dragging in any generalizations about the psychogenesis of religion or of scientific theory, any close observation of the business-tribe makes it

abundantly clear that, in this particular case, man has created a god or a natural law in his own image, as a support in his instability, a solace in his frustration, and an absolution in his sins. This, far from discrediting Cyclos, gives him in this age an extraordinary validity. Any god that business has created in its own image and as a psychic saviour is a most important deity, if not altogether handsome. If it is desirable that business be kept out of the madhouse of socialism and the strait-jacket of governmental control by a certain semblance of sanity and poise, the Cycle is doubtless doing as great a service as can be expected of a deity under the circumstances. An understanding of how this new graph-image works should only increase our respect for him.

For this it is necessary to bear in mind two points about the business-group: first, that deep-reaching instability, underlying frustrations and a sensitive conscience mark its psyche; and second, that the movements of business and industry are for the most part the uncoordinated, chaotic reactions of this unstable, almost neurotic, psyche to profound, ineluctable forces, social and economic, which it does not or prefers not to understand or frankly face.

The solid conservatism, the rigid stand-pattism, the glib cocksureness, the hectic energy, and the callous indifference of American business are too much emphasized, too insistent to be taken for what they are. If one looks beneath the surface far enough, one will find in the individual American a pathetic awareness that the vast machine, which he and his kind have built up and in which they live and move, is in many ways too much for him; that he is not getting out of it what he really wants as a human being, and that he ought to do something about it, but does not know what or how. All the mores, the codes, the paraphernalia, the ceremonials, the literature, the science and the religion of the business-group in America are the compensation-products of a social organism which is not fully functioning, which is not effectively discharging its creative power.

The mania for business-indexes and other statistics, and for charts, graphs and "curves" of every conceivable variety, and the multiplication of research-organizations to supply these things, during the past ten years, is an immediate reflection of the increasing psychic instability in the business-group. The endless array of tabulations with which the members surround themselves is the masonry of a psychological break-water against the ceaseless flux in which they are tossed about. The neat curves and circles of the charts on their walls are the mental life-lines and buoys ready against the time when their bark may hit the sunken reef. Through both they gain a sense of knowing where they are going and what they are about. The economic chaos without form and void takes on a rational aspect. Progress becomes an orderly and properly preordained movement.

But facts afford not only fortitude but also fortification and ammunition. When the union wants a raise it can tell why, and the employer can tell why not. When the agricultural Job laments, the Eliphazes of industry and the Bildads of business can preach the rewards of righteousness. Again, the democracy of the index-number produces a comforting consciousness of kind, or a satisfaction of the gregarious instincts. By the chain of figures all are bound together in the climb among the dizzy, slippery and cloudy peaks and depressions, and all are safe as long as one end is fastened firmly to the immutable guide, July, 1914.

Finally, improvisations on the slide-rule, like the hobby of playing the slide-trombone in the cellar of an evening, afford to many of the tribe an individual release, a sensation of original activity, a compensation for failure to discharge their energies in creative work. With figures one can easily create the illusion of discovery and revelation. One can see the valleys of the moon like Galileo, and feel oneself a Leverrier calculating the position of a planet still unseen to other mortal eyes. Out of tables one can build air-castles and free the constructive impulses that are frustrated in work. Through the curves and bars of one's graphs one dramatizes the world of business and remoulds it nearer to the heart's desire. Before one's maps of business-activity one feels a touch of Napoleonic power; and the captain of industry marshals and reviews his columns of figures with something of the illusion of grandeur of the captain of infantry with his columns of men.

But the mere gathering of information would be useless in the end unless out of it could be evolved some all-embracing, redeeming and ratifying view of the business-universe which would relieve the soul of business from any responsibility to itself or to reality. Of what value are facts if one has to face them? The primary impulse in all this activity is not to discover, understand and control, but to confirm, to vindicate, to exculpate. The psychic instability demands not only a comforting refuge, a solacing security and a compensating release, but a confessional and an absolution. "*Entbehren sollst du, Mensch.*" Thus emerges, out of the cloud of statistics on the Sinais of the "economic services," the great Business-Cycle upon whose broad bosom the tired, frustrate, worried and conscientious business-man may cast himself not only for reassurance but especially for benediction. And Cyclos hands down the tables of immutable economic law, saying: Ye shall know the curve and the curve shall make you free to do as you darn please.

Here, at the last, the business-tribe is only conforming again, as we might have anticipated, to ancient human nature. Its tables and its curves derive their validity from its sins, which they more or less fully record. They register and objectify the recurrent struggles of the tribe to satisfy its all-too-human interests in the face of superior and obscure forces. The Business-Cycle is the personification of the erring humanity of the business-tribe, an apotheosis of original economic sin. Its ups and downs re-enact the Fall of Man. Its laws, like the Mosaic law, tell us in what specific ways the children of Israel are continually "slipping up," and for what they should be forgiven. It joins all in a brotherhood of common frailty, and makes it impossible for any first to cast the stone.

In face of the subtle frustrations of creative impulse in the whole business-group, through the steady pressure of diminishing returns in industry, through the silent undermining of the agricultural base and the top-heavy unbalance of the industrial system, and through the rigour of the current business-mores of acquisition, the failure of anyone to seek and find satisfaction in the production of goods and services for society, and his surrender to the impulse of the moment, find full absolution on the cozy lap of this god. Of such is the Kingdom of Business. Every prodigal who endures in the depression will find the fatted calf at the peak. So long as the business Job does not curse the Cycle and die, his flocks shall be multiplied an hundredfold, and the labour-shortage will be over.

It should be evident that, from this point of view, the Cycle has fully justified himself to his people. But it must be remembered that he is pre-eminently the deity of a pastoral and nomad tribe, a product of the instability of its psyche, of its constant insecurity against the depredations of other tribes, and of the restlessness of its flocks and the recalcitrance of the slow tillers of the soil in the valleys, who "kick against the pricks" when the business-nomads descend upon them from their "peaks," no matter whether it be every seven years or every forty months. These get small comfort from Cyclos, and have had to make other gods and turn to other prophets for solace. But that is another story.

VIRGIL JORDAN.

FROM A RUSSIAN COURT ARCHIVE.

THIS is my last drop of revenge. I would not miss it.

Your silly court is puzzled. What are the motives? It asked. Your fool of a doctor even suggested a "deranged mind" or something. Poor blind pups!

I wish you to know that I am as normal as any of your mediocrities, and that all my activities were directed by one clear, central idea.

I hated the smeary hodge-podge you called revolution. I hated its cock-sureness, its self-styled heralds, ignorant and blatant. I was nauseated by its slovenly nakedness and mawkish greed. I, a son of the master class, by birth and education an enemy of revolutions, had had the vision of another revolution whenever I chanced to think of it—men like iron wrapped in sheets of light; song and harmony and expansion of the soul. Your muddy intelligence would not even be able to follow the flight of my imagination.

I hated you because you spoiled my life for me. I was destined for a life of wealth, power and beauty. Do not grin at my mentioning beauty. Only the aristocracy of blood and culture knows its meaning. Your low mobs have no conception of the beautiful and the noble. I was young, strong, good-looking, at the beginning of a fine military career. I possessed ten thousand acres of land, a sugar-plant, horses and dogs, a mansion dating back to Catherine the Great. I was a cultured man and proud of my culture. More proud was I of my own energy, physical vigour, flexibility of mind. Your demagogues will say I lived on the toil of the poor darlings, the much pitied peasants. Childish prattle! The *mushiks* are not fit for anything but beastly labour. Where a peasant's son had pulled himself up to become an officer or a student, I never shunned him for his parents. I had too much taste for that.

Your lot came—bedraggled scoundrels! Your so-called revolution did not even know how to name the objects in my possession. You were drunk and smelly. There was no ideal to animate your mobs but the ideal of a full belly. How could I respect them? They hiccupped into my face when I was willing to come to reasonable terms. There was no logic in breaking up my estate or driving me out of my house, the beauty of which only I understood.

You grabbed everything; you undid even my wonderful regiment. Your savage appetite knew no limits. You crunched under sharp and bloody teeth all you could get. My only consolation is that you are as lean as ever.

I was left penniless and homeless. You chuckled. What a sight! Prince Balakirev in an old uniform with epaulettes torn off. Paul Balakirev—ex-army captain, ex-*bon vivant*, ex-collector of etchings, ex-ex . . . My life was not safe. My friends ran away. I was too proud for that. I offered to come to terms with your revolution. You laughed. I said: He laughs best who laughs last. I am

a hunter. If you can not kill the beast, jump on its back, ride it to death.

I jumped on the back of your beastly revolution. I held on to its asinine ears. You, poor fish, took me for granted, didn't you? There was no limit to your conceit. You thought it natural that everybody should be soaked with your stupid creed. You hardly asked questions. A few bombastic speeches, an identification-card of a dead friend—and I was accepted, I was acclaimed a "responsible worker." How many of my kind have thus found an easy access into your sancta sanctorum?

I soon reached my goal. Do you remember how earnestly you pleaded that I assume office as head of the Cheka, and how I feigned reluctance? This was one of the first thrilling moments in my joy-ride. My face was grave, my lips uttered standardized phrases of your jargon. But my heart leaped. My innermost being glowed. Here was power. Here was freedom at last! With seeming unwillingness I yielded to your insistence. You said nobody equalled me in determination, acumen, quickness of decision, intrepidity essential for such "work." This was true, indeed.

I was cautious. I was composed. I calculated well. On every occasion I pushed your revolution just a few steps over the borderline where sternness becomes cruelty, suppression becomes crime, punishment becomes wanton murder. You, in your befuddled state of mind, never saw actual conditions. You depended on me for most of your information. Hei! What delight it was to drive your beast into a swamp, to let it crush its muzzle on a rock!

The jewellery-scandal was one of my first deeds. We searched the house of Count Lopouchin. He was connected with Denikin. Now that he is safe in Paris I may just as well tell you this. I found in his desk a batch of documents which would have sent him and a dozen others to their graves. You have executed noblemen for smaller offences. But I put the documents back into the desk. Lopouchin believed I overlooked them. I did not overlook the jewels, however. There was a boxful of them: rings, brooches, pins, bracelets, watches, all studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies. I understand they were to finance the rebellion. I saw the eyes of my "collaborators" glistening with greed. Simple folk they were, those petty officers and soldiers; poor, too. How their fingers trembled when they touched the gold! Your revolutionary law and order demanded that I seal the box and deliver it to the Department of People's Economy. I winked an eye, and the jewels easily slipped into the pockets of my agents. I made it known, indirectly, that this was due reward for the hazards of their revolutionary service. They grabbed the precious things, they quarrelled over them, they nearly came to blows. I had to intervene. They were *my* devoted servants after that, and I rejoiced. The story spread through the city. It fanned the flames of hatred among your enemies. It aroused enormous consternation in your own ranks. Your scribblers came out with official denials. Ho, Ho! How I laughed when I read those imbecile writings! It was *my* work, *my* revenge! It made the ground insecure under your feet. But you know this, to be sure. Know now that I did it—I!

Do you remember the Dmitrov affair? Let it be well understood that the massacre was not warranted in the least. No plot was discovered. True, your lovely *mushiks* had maltreated the collector of supplies, but it was more his fault than theirs. He was overanxious and overzealous; arrogant, too. Those clods of earth expected him to come a-begging and a-bowing so that they might feel their importance. He shouted instead. They pawed him somewhat, and that would have ended the story, but for me. I descended upon the village like a

hurricane. I came with the pick of my dare-devil battalion. I brandished the whip. I was master once more. All my hatred for those dastardly robbers found an outlet. I invaded homes. I used the vilest language. I slapped the faces of the most respected "citizens of the peasants' and workers' republic." I hit women and men. I jailed over a hundred. I allowed them no food. I took away all the supplies of the village. I filled the locality with fear, despair and hate. Seven were killed by my men outright. That was a superb piece of work. It resulted in the uprising of the entire Dmitrov county. Fine, eh?

I will only mention a number of other instances. The pogrom in Berdanovo could have been prevented if I had wished to do so. In fact, it was I who intimated to some of my secret satellites that there was no harm in pruning a bit the Jewish profiteers. It gave me particular pleasure to execute subsequently three of the looters. "This is the kind of material they wish to rebuild the world with," I said to myself gleefully. For the sake of truth I must add that I always hated the Jews. On my record should be put also the "leakage" of a thousand bags of sugar dispatched to the southern front, and the destruction of the wire-line Berdiansk-Toporkovo.

But those outstanding features of my revolutionary career are only milestones on a road full of smaller acts, sometimes hardly perceptible, that constantly gladdened my heart. Here I was, cunningly spreading demoralization, retarding the pace when quickness was imperative, rushing ahead when there were no reasons for hurry, wasting power and resources in vain, harping on mechanical discipline instead of stimulating inner conviction, dissimulating, lying, and thus only bringing your revolution to its logical conclusions. And here were you all, blindly believing, mutely sacrificing, agonizingly hoping—poor simpletons! I hated you for even this unquestioning self-annihilation. No man has a right thus to forget his own self. Of all your crowd, only I was free. I served nobody. I adhered to no coterie. I defended nobody's interests but my own. I was obliged to no one. I was superior to all: lonely, self-reliant, strong.

At night I used to have talk-feasts with myself, although I loved to hear your praise. That made me feel your smallness. I was comfortable in the midst of general starvation. I was well-fed, well-dressed, lived in heated rooms. I had servants. I was secure. I served the revolution, ha, ha . . .

I never believed you would be clever enough to detect me. I confess, it amazes me to see that you have found out as much as you did. Maybe chance helped you. Chance is the aid of fools. Still, six months is a long record in times like these.

I know there will be no mercy. I write this only to express my utter contempt, to laugh at you once more. This is my last drop of revenge. Take it and be cursed!

Executed ix, 17, 1919, 5 a.m.

Secretary—[signature illegible].

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE WHITE TERROR IN SAXONY.

SIRS: It is perhaps not generally realized abroad that a state of one-sided war, not unlike the French occupation of the Ruhr, exists to-day in Saxony. This radical working-class section of Germany has been flooded with reactionary Reichswehr troops. Almost every day the newspapers print official military *communiqués*, announcing the successful "occupation" of such-and-such towns. It does not seem to be a very glorious operation,

this invasion of peaceful, undefended towns by heavily-armed troops, accompanied, as it usually is, by the shooting down of starving, unemployed workmen. Still militarism, even a beaten militarism, must perhaps have its triumphs to celebrate.

The invasion of Saxony was provoked by the decision of the two Saxon Labour parties, the Social Democrats and the Communists, to sink their factional differences and form a coalition Government on a general platform of defending the rights of labour and the democratic form of State against the attacks of reaction. This could be done in a perfectly constitutional manner, since the combined Social Democrats and Communists possessed a majority of four votes over all the other parties in the Saxon Landtag, or State assembly. The Communists, Paul Böttcher and Fritz Heckert, occupy the Ministries of Finance and Economics in the coalition Cabinet.

The newly-formed Government is the Government of republican and proletarian defence [said the Social Democratic Premier, Dr. Zeigner, in announcing the Government's programme at the opening session of the Landtag in Dresden on 12 October]. The working people of Germany are most seriously threatened. The owners of large capital industries, finance and agriculture have gone over to the offensive. Many thousands of manual and office-workers have been dismissed; they are to be starved into submitting to any kind of exploitation.

Against the attacks of reaction the Saxon Government declares: it will always feel and act as the Government of the whole working population. It will devote its special care to the poorest, to the proletarianized elements which must perish without State aid.

In order to be able to carry on its struggle of defence, the Saxon Government will further energetically purify the State apparatus of all who are openly or secretly active for the unconstitutional dictatorship of large capital. In its fight against the enemies of the Republic it relies not only upon the State powers, but upon the hearty co-operation of all proletarian elements and their organizations. To furnish these organizations with all powers will be one of the most important tasks of the Government.

The formation of the new Saxon Government and Dr. Zeigner's speech attracted the widest attention throughout Germany. To the labour and republican elements Saxony became a beacon of hope, a symbol of active resistance to the rising tide of reaction. In conservative nationalist circles the rage knew no bounds. Dr. Zeigner was furiously denounced as a traitor and a bolshevik.

Of course he is nothing of the kind. He has always belonged to the majority wing of the German Social Democracy, and anyone who is acquainted with German history knows how far this party is removed from revolutionary aims and methods. Dr. Zeigner is simply a courageous and outspoken democrat, who is not to be held back from speaking the truth by considerations of personal danger and political expediency. Last spring, when the nationalist press had fanned the flames of popular enthusiasm over the passive resistance in the Ruhr to a great height, Dr. Zeigner did not hesitate to predict that this resistance, in view of the unwillingness of the Cuno Government to finance it by imposing adequate taxes upon the wealthy classes, was certain to break down, and that its prolongation would only bring enrichment to a few speculators and ever-increasing misery to the wage-earning masses of the German people. His prophecy has been only too well justified by subsequent events.

Later in the summer Dr. Zeigner, in a public address, touched on a subject that most German political leaders of the Left are very anxious to avoid: the notorious connexion between some of the reactionary elements in the

Reichswehr and the illegal, armed, secret monarchist organizations. These bands are subsidized by some of the great German industrialists, who hope to use them ultimately as the military basis for a reactionary Government. In some cases they have received arms from State arsenals, and have been otherwise favoured by monarchist Reichswehr officers. Dr. Zeigner denounced this scandal, and thereby became involved in an acrimonious controversy with the Reichswehr Minister, Dr. Gessler, who for the last month has been the supreme military dictator of Germany.

It was inexpedient, from the standpoint of the conventional politician, to have expressed scepticism about the outcome of the struggle in the Ruhr last spring. It was highly dangerous to speak so plainly about the connexion between the Reichswehr and the illegal bands. Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Erzberger, Haas, Rathenau: these are only a few of the radical and democratic leaders who have been cut down by reactionary assassins during the last few years. It is his willingness to do inexpedient and dangerous things that has lifted Zeigner out of the ranks of the ordinary Social Democratic political leaders and given him a reputation that extends far beyond his own party.

The formation of a Labour Government in Saxony was soon followed by a similar development in the neighbouring State of Thuringia, where the combined Social Democrats and Communists also possessed a parliamentary majority. The programme of the Thuringian Labour Government included the following points: defence of the Republic against reactionary assaults by the formation of workers' self-defence organizations, and the placing of the police under the command of reliable republican officers; creation of workers' control-committees to co-operate with the State officials in combating profiteering; provision of productive work for the unemployed; vigorous State measures against the unnecessary closing of factories by employers. In this connexion the factory-committees were to be empowered to examine the financial condition of every establishment that threatened to close down.

The legislative and taxing powers of the local Governments are severely limited under the German Constitution, and the programme of the Thuringian Labour-Government included certain demands which could be realized only by the central Government in Berlin. Among these demands were the throwing of the burden of reparation-payments upon the propertied classes, the creation of a State monopoly of foreign trade after the Russian model, and the subjection of the large trusts and syndicates to State control.

The new Saxon and Thuringian Governments were compelled to deal with an economic situation that was little short of desperate. Both States are highly industrialized, and both have suffered acutely from the depression which has gripped practically all the German industries since the occupation of the Ruhr. In Saxony, out of a population of 4,300,000, more than 700,000 are receiving State aid in the form of unemployment-benefits and social pensions. Conditions in Thuringia are almost as bad. Among the workers who are not wholly unemployed, many are on part time, working only a few hours a week. The Labour Governments were, therefore, faced with sufficiently difficult problems, even if they had been left free to work out their programmes without hostile intervention from outside.

But the new Governments were not given a free hand. An agitation for intervention in Saxony, similar in method and spirit to the agitation for intervention in Russia in 1918, was started in the Berlin conservative press. The wildest falsehoods and exaggerations were circulated with a view to representing Saxony and

Thuringia as hotbeds of anarchy and disorder. There was not the slightest justification in fact for this picture. The extreme suffering of the last few months has led to food-riots in practically all the large German cities. Because of their character as highly industrial regions, Saxony and Thuringia were among the chief sufferers from this lack of food. But there has been less bloodshed there than in other places, notably in Frankfurt and in Mannheim, largely because the situation has been handled by a sympathetic Government and a sympathetic police.

However, considerations of truth mattered very little to the industrialists and feudal landlords who stood behind the propaganda for intervention. Their object was to break the "red Saxony" at all costs. From the day when Zeigner's Government came into power, the commander of the Reichswehr in Saxony, General Müller, initiated a campaign of systematic encroachment upon the legislative and executive functions of the civil Government. Dr. Zeigner's Cabinet was inaugurated on 12 October. On the following day, General Müller ordered the dissolution of the so-called proletarian *Hundertchaften*. These were bodies of workmen, organized to protect trade-union property and to assist the Government in repressing any reactionary *coup*. They were very scantily provided with arms and represented no menace to public peace and order. To order their dissolution, especially at a time when the much more numerous and heavily-armed reactionary bands were allowed to train and drill with impunity immediately across the Saxon frontier in conservative Bavaria, could be regarded only as a gross provocation.

On 16 October General Müller withdrew the Saxon police from the control of the civil Government, placing it directly under his own orders. On the following day, the General attempted to confront the Saxon Government with the alternative of a humiliating surrender or an open break. The Communist Minister of Finance, Herr Böttcher, had made a fiery speech in Leipzig, in which he declared that the *Hundertchaften* would not allow themselves to be dissolved. General Müller addressed an ultimatum to the Saxon Government, demanding to know within twenty-four hours what steps would be taken to prevent a repetition of such utterances. In a dramatic session of the Landtag, Dr. Zeigner read the ultimatum, declared that he would pay no attention to it, and followed this up by repeating and elaborating his charges against the reactionary affiliations of the Reichswehr.

General Müller's open declaration of war against the Saxon Government came on 20 October. In a letter to Dr. Zeigner and in a proclamation to the population, he announced that he had been commissioned by the central Government to restore orderly and constitutional conditions in Saxony. To this end he would employ all the means at his disposal. Any resistance would be broken with the utmost severity. Just how "orderly and constitutional conditions" had been disturbed he did not specify.

The intervention of the Reichswehr has been carried out very much like the occupation of a hostile country. In a number of towns, notably in Meissen, in Pirna, in Plauen and Borna, clashes took place between the invading soldiers and the population, resulting in the loss of a number of lives. In Pirna the city council, which had a bourgeois majority, passed a sharp resolution of protest against the action of the Reichswehr in firing on a crowd of unemployed workers with little or no warning.

In dealing with their own countrymen, the military authorities in Saxony have apparently taken General Degoutte's conduct in the Ruhr as their model. Almost all the disgusting excesses that characterized the French

invasion of the Ruhr have been repeated in Saxony. Legally constituted communal councils, meeting to discuss the pressing food-situation, have been dispersed by military force. Schools have been turned into barracks for the invading troops, and the Ministry of Education has been peremptorily ordered to dismiss teachers who are suspected of Communist affiliations. Almost every day brings some new instance of further encroachments upon the rights of the civil Government. Dr. Zeigner announced in the Landtag on 25 October that several Government officials had been arrested in the performance of their duties. "We expect," he said, "that arrests will take place in the ministries themselves, and later that they will even take place in this house."

The spirit of the Reichswehr's intervention is sufficiently indicated by the following extracts from a proclamation issued by the military authorities on 25 October:

The Reichswehr is no police that exhausts all the possibilities of negotiation, persuasion and concession before it intervenes. The Reichswehr is the last, the sharpest weapon that stands at the disposal of the Government, and it intervenes only if a serious situation demands it. If the Reichswehr enters into prolonged negotiation where it meets with resistance, the elements which have already lost the necessary respect for the police will no longer be held in check by the Reichswehr. In this way the sharpest weapon of the State becomes blunt. All sections of the population must understand that the Reichswehr is obliged to break any resistance which it may encounter in the discharge of its duty by the application of all the force at its disposal. If the third summons to disperse is not obeyed, weapons will be used.

As might have been expected, the invasion by the Reichswehr has called forth the bitterest resentment among the Saxon workers of all parties. This bitterness is enhanced by the very different treatment that has been meted out to the stronghold of German reaction, Bavaria. Here, open defiance on the part of the dictator von Kahr and open mutiny on the part of General von Lossow, commanding general of the Reichswehr, have met with nothing stronger than words on the part of the Berlin Government. The Communist delegates to a conference of labour-organizations which was held at Chemnitz on 21 October urged a general strike as a protest against the invasion. The Social Democrats were unwilling to risk such a decisive step, and the Communists agreed to preserve a united front and to abstain from isolated action. However, spontaneous partial strikes are already breaking out in different places.

No doubt if the provocative brutality of the Reichswehr drives the Saxon workers into undertaking desperate measures of self-defence in the shape of a general strike or an armed uprising, the central Government will attempt to represent the matter as a case of vindicating "law and order" against "bolshevism." No characterization could be more inaccurate. What is happening in Saxony to-day is a one-sided and utterly unjustifiable attack upon a democratic labour Government by the forces of the old feudal militaristic Germany represented in the Reichswehr. The new Saxon Government is not "bolshevik" in the sense of desiring or planning any violent alteration of the existing State form; it stands firmly on the basis of the Weimar Constitution. The Communist Cabinet Ministers swore allegiance to this Constitution in taking office, and the Saxon Communists, as well as the Social Democrats, are convinced that under present conditions German labour will be fortunate if it repels reactionary attacks from the Right, without undertaking any revolutionary activities on its own account.

Dr. Zeigner seemed to speak for the whole hungry, tortured working-population of Saxony when he said, immediately after the inauguration of his Cabinet: "We

must provide the Saxon people with two things, first with bread, then with work." The Berlin Government has preferred to provide them with machine-guns and armoured cars. I am, etc.,

Dresden.

A. C. FREEMAN.

ART.

BUILDING THE MASTER-BUILDER.

THE Staatliche Bauhaus of Weimar represents one of the most interesting and significant enterprises in the vivifying of modern arts and crafts. It was founded in 1919 by Walter Gropius, one of the best known and most revolutionary architects of Germany, and is the product of an amalgamation of the Grand-ducal Saxon High School of Creative Arts, and the Grand-ducal Saxon School of Arts and Crafts. Gropius has gathered around him some of the most distinguished of the radical creative artists of Young Germany, and has built up an academy (if that conservative term may be used in this connexion), which is so unique that it is not only an innovation, but a challenging force—a cannon aimed at old traditions, principles and forms. Among his staff of teachers and masters we find Lyonel Feininger, Gertrude Grunon, Vassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Gerhard Maroks, Adolf Meyer, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagg, Georg Muche, Oskar Schlemmer and Lothar Schreyer.

A loud and bitter outcry arose in classic Weimar and throughout Germany as soon as Gropius unfolded his ruthless and revolutionary programme and assembled his captains about him. The idea of these fantastic futurists and expressionists seizing upon and encysting themselves in these two aristocratic and academic old schools, the pillars and centres of a long and fruitful tradition—as well might Goethe's house be used for a powder-magazine. Fierce controversies followed, and the Bauhaus became a veritable fortress. It has been able not only to maintain itself, but also to achieve triumphs and to inaugurate a new philosophy of work and art; a fruitful creative range of activity. This has been concentrated and crystallized in the exhibition which has been opened at Weimar—*die Ausstellung des staatlichen Bauhauses, 1923*.

A new world is revealed to us here; a new conception of work and methods of work, and the teaching of these methods. A synthesis between the mediæval conception of the trade-guild, the modern polytechnicum and intensified future methods of production and manufacture, has been striven for and to a great extent realized. The fundamental thought of the Bauhaus school, the inspiration that guides its masters, journeymen and apprentices, is a new harmony between the social, industrial and æsthetic needs of modern man. It is the idea of a new unity, the aggregation of the many "arts," "tendencies," and phenomena into an indivisible whole, into that entity which is established in human nature itself and which attains significance only through the function of life. Architecture is once more to be raised to the regal dignity of the art inclusive of arts, to become the epitome, the visible expression of the spiritual and material capacities of the time. The living spirit of building, the essential soul of an active architecture, embraces all the activities, all the art and technique of a people, a period or a world. Architecture to-day has been degraded to a mere study; as a mirror of civilization it reflects the disintegration and chaos of the modern soul.

Gropius laid down these postulates: human achieve-

ment depends upon the proper balance between the work of heart, head and hand. It is not enough to train the one faculty or the other; all three must be trained thoroughly and simultaneously. This gave him the programme, the course of teaching to be pursued at the Bauhaus. A co-ordinated curriculum was set up:

A. Work-instruction (*Werklehre*) in (1) stone, (2) wood, (3) metal, (4) clay, (5) glass, (6) colour, (7) textiles.

Complementary courses: the study of materials and tools, fundamentals of book-keeping, calculation of prices, specifications, contracts.

B. Form-instruction (*Formlehre*):

I. The contemplation of form: (1) nature-study, (2) the study of materials.

II. Representation: (1) the study of projection, (2) the teaching of construction, (3) the creation of symbols and models for all spatial structures.

III. Formation: (1) the study of spaces, (2) the study of colour, (3) the study of composition.

The courses of instruction comprise three divisions:

I. Preliminary instruction (*Vorlehre*), continuing for half a year. Elementary instruction in form, in connexion with practice with the material in the particular workshop. The next step is reception in one of the school-workshops.

II. Work-instruction. This takes place in one of the school-workshops under a legal contract of apprenticeship, and after satisfying the complementary form-instruction. Its duration is for three years. The goal is the attainment of a journeyman's certificate of the Chamber of Trades, or, in special cases, of the Bauhaus itself.

III. Building-instruction (*Baulehre*). Practical manual co-operation in building, in structures under way, and free training in construction in the test-grounds of the Bauhaus; this for the more highly gifted journeymen. The duration depends in each instance upon the special capacities and circumstances. Building-grounds and test-grounds serve as supplementary resources for the continuation of work-instruction and colour-instruction. The aim is the achievement of the Master's Charter of the Chamber of Trades, or, in special cases, of the Bauhaus.

Gropius has no illusions, no romantic mediæval conception of the arts and crafts. While well aware that the best form of instruction is that which passes like a vital current from the master to the apprentice, he knows that the days of the free-guild aristocracy of the manual arts are over. Here, too, a synthesis must be found between the master and his pupil, between the hand and the machine. The teachers of the Bauhaus are governed by these two basic rules: "Every apprentice and journeyman studies under two masters simultaneously—a master of a handicraft and a master of form. Both stand in close co-operation with one another." "Work-instruction and form-instruction form the basis; no apprentice or journeyman can be absolved from the one or the other."

One of the most interesting adventures of the Bauhaus group is the deliberate connexion it seeks to establish between the artist-worker and mechanical manufacture. One of its ideals is the continuous improvement of the tool or the machine, so that the material part of creation may be mechanized more and more and the æsthetic, inventive faculty correspondingly relieved. What were the practical results of these

theories and teachings as revealed in the exhibition at Weimar?

The programme was, no doubt, especially in its extensions such as music, stage-craft and the "mechanical cabaret," rather audacious, for it aimed at a complete revolutionizing of modern life, and made many a leap beyond the limits of the arts and crafts and the reform of manual training. This was the challenge nailed on the portals of the conventional world by Gropius and his staff, and it was eagerly taken up by his enemies and critics. They could not deny the results, the fruitful new results in various lines of technical development, the ennobling of ordinary materials by new and subtle forms; but they fell upon those ambitious efforts which the Bauhaus group attempted to fit to the Procrustean bed of their programme in the name of cosmic art. The "mechanical cabaret" and the ballet—the latter "devoted to the suspension of the laws of gravity"—were grotesque in their presumption, infantile almost to the verge of Dadaism in their representation, and positively negative, if the term may be allowed, in their results. The cabaret was merely futurism and expressionism come to life and action—a stage full of oscillating, swaying, waddling, human geometrical marionettes, hounding the "mechanistic" idea to death and ending in utter dreariness. For example, a picture was exposed, composed of dadaistic-cubistic scraps, which began to move, until one no longer knew whether it was jest, self-irony or something deadly earnest. But these were experiments still too remote from the world. The Bauhaus had set forth to conquer and reform. Where the will of the Bauhaus group had impinged upon matter, interesting results were manifest; many a new form and audacious idea took on flesh.

There was the "*Roter Würfel*," the red die or cube, designed by W. Molnar. This was a house, proceeding from the postulate "a house must first of all be a box." But it remained too closely fettered to this postulate, and so we had a crass, naked, brutally cubistic mass, unredeemed by a single curve, a single moulding, a single sill or lintel. Was this architecture stripped to its essentials, or was it only a new kind of play or game in materials and rectilinear forms and masses? Yet this "*Musterhaus*," this red box with its courtyards and covered passages, caught the attention and the imagination. It was really an attempt at the reform of the house and the architecture of the house, an attempt to present the modern concept of the house, not as a traditional inheritance, a thing compact of elements of race, soil, climate, native art and custom, but as a scientific product; in short, a "dwelling-machine." The deliberate avoidance of the traditional, the customary, was sharply evident; every line proclaimed revolt or "originality" dragged or driven in. The lines of the engine-room or factory were simply imposed upon the domicile. American bareness and utilitarianism in industrial architecture were intensified and rarified to the *n*th power. This house with its compact closets, its "dining-cells" and "sleeping-cells," its "illuminating-bodies" that shut up into recesses in the walls, its countless practical devices, was, in a sense, an apotheosis of the dwelling of the future. Yet it failed in some of the most essential, indispensable functions of the dwelling of the present. Room was aligned to room without connecting halls or corridors. As a German critic remarked, this "*Musterhaus*" was not only no "model" house, but was simply unliveable for people with nerves. Yet the furniture was full of a new spirit, adroit solutions of old problems by means of new forms, a daring use of colour and material, and

perfect craftsmanship; the honourable cabinet-work of the conscientious, craft-proud master. At the same time this furniture was supposed to be more than furniture; it was elevated to the rank of apparatus.

The work of the school was exhibited in displays of remarkable variety and originality. The new kitchen-utensils, for example, were in many instances happy, even beautiful, syntheses of use and elegance. A new language had been found for glass, metal, wood, ceramics, textiles; a new vocabulary between all these and the element or factor of colour. The international show of modern "architectures" gave one a survey of most of the spontaneous impulses that had given rise to styles and movements in various lands—Frank Lloyd Wright in America, Oude in Holland, Taut, Mendelssohn, Poelzig, Gropius in Germany. The work of the apprentices, journeymen and masters of the Bauhaus in painting, sculpture and construction was dominated strongly by the note of revolt, and expressionistic forms furnished the key to most *motifs*; yet the material and its practical end, and the mechanical imperative of eventual mass-fabrication, helped to balance and modify the arbitrary will to sheer "never-here-beforeness."

The concerts of the Bauhaus, under the conductorship of Hermann Scherchen and Paul Hindemith, offered much that was startling, fresh and beautiful, from the fairy-like procession of the Bauhaus band through the old market-place and the Ilmpark, to the spectacular virtuosities of Busoni, Petri, Stravinsky and Auherjonois.

To complete the world of the Bauhaus, a colony and a refectory have been founded, in which the apprentices, all of whom are chosen from selected groups, may live cheaply, cultivate truck-gardens and help to build the cottages and "dwelling-machines" of the Bauhaus settlement. In the words of Walter Gropius: "The responsibility of the Bauhaus consists in this: to train men who will learn to know the world in which they live, and who, out of the combination of their knowledge and their acquired skill, will be able to contrive and shape the forms which symbolize this world."

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

SECRETARY MELLON'S PROPOSAL.

SIRS: Will not the proposal of Secretary Mellon to favour earned incomes as against "unearned incomes" ultimately rebound to the benefit of landowners by increasing the value of land? In other words, does not the investment of money in productive enterprises increase the cost of living on the earth by increasing the rent of land? Many of your readers know the remedy. I am, etc.,

New York City.

GEORGE LLOYD.

NATIONAL DEBTS.

SIRS: Your correspondent, Mr. Turtle of Vancouver, who writes in the *Freeman* of 21 November, lives too far away apparently to get a true perspective of what happened in this country in 1918 when the British debt was created. Some of us are still living who remember that the amount the United States loaned to Great Britain was raised by taxation. We do not believe, however, that any considerable portion of the money so raised was sent out of the country. We think it remained here, and was used by the American Government to pay for goods ordered by England from American producers.

However this may be, and regardless of whether certain American interests engineered the affair for the purpose of selling the goods and reaping profits, the point is

that, since all the people of the United States were taxed to furnish money to England, why should not England now tax her subjects to pay the debt; and why, in order that the people of the United States may get their money back, should not the United States Government reduce its tax-budget correspondingly?

Mr. Turtle makes the sweeping assertion that "the British people are better educated in economics than their American cousins," but he does not say how he knows this nor on what grounds he bases his assertion. I beg permission to make a similar one, namely: the people of Switzerland are all bellringers and yodellers. I know this because at vaudeville and Chautauquan entertainments where these artists appear they are always announced as being Swiss.

Seriously, though, if one is to regard as fair evidence of the superior economic education of a people the fact that Malthus is still taught in the universities, as he is in England; that leading writers and statesmen, with few exceptions, quote and believe his absurd and childish fancies; and that even now, in the face of a landlordism that has reduced hundreds of thousands to want and suffering, the multitude are not asked by their mountebank politicians to abolish this monstrous wrong, but instead to divide into parties on the trivial question of protection or free trade; then we Americans might well congratulate ourselves on being comparatively uneducated. The same educational processes, however, are going on here as in England, and consequently the people here are just as romantic, just as sentimental, just as gullible and just as ignorant as the people are there. What Englishmen are taught we are taught, what they believe we believe; and unless we change our course, our doom will be the same as theirs—that of Nineveh and Tyre. I am, etc.,

Philadelphia.

C. F. SHANDREW.

OBSERVATIONS IN CHURCH.

SIRS: I was much interested and rather sardonically amused at what took place in the Episcopal church which I attended this morning. The rector, in asking for money for the support of a home for the aged, was at great pains to remind the congregation that any such gift would be remembered when it came to doling out heavenly rewards. If Mr. Franklin P. Adams, who occasionally, in the "Conning Tower" of the *New York World*, prints translations of speeches, had been present on this occasion, we might the next day have read the following: "Translated into English: Buy your way into heaven."

After the rector had finished, an army officer preached a sermon. I rubbed my eyes; yet there he was, in full uniform, a man whose profession it is to be prepared to kill other men, preaching in a Christian church. He said, in part, that we went into the war to defend the honour of the United States and to avenge the death of our citizens who had been killed on the "Lusitania." How that fallacy does continue! Further, he said that the war was in defence of the theory of the liberty of the individual! He told us, also, that two years ago he was in Cairo, Egypt, on 11 November. The armistice-day celebration there, it seems, was (I quote from memory) "largely in charge of the British, though most of the other Allies were represented." Oddly enough, he made no mention of the Egyptians themselves. Finally, we were told that the war had improved the characters of the men who took part in it. Woof! Yet among the congregation I saw no expressions of amusement or surprise. I am, etc.,

J. S. S., JUN.

THE CASE OF THE ALAND ISLANDS.

SIRS: I have wondered whether it would be worth while to reply to Mr. Kalijarvi's letter in your issue of 31 October.

To any one who is not completely ignorant of past and present political conditions in North-Western Europe, the letter is obviously an expression of the inflated nationalism peculiar to the recently liberated peoples. It would, however, possibly be of interest to the *Freeman's* readers to learn something of the conditions which Mr. Kalijarvi defends and conceals in his ambiguous letter.

He states a fact when he says that Finland for centuries previous to 1809 belonged to Sweden. It had, however, sep-

arate administration, and the Swedish king bore the title of Grand Prince of Finland. Furthermore, through the peace-treaty of 1809, Sweden surrendered Finland and Aland as two separate entities, which was the point I wished to emphasize and which Mr. Kalijarvi conveniently ignores. Wherein then lies the distortion of history? That history can be distorted by the most learned historians and jurists, we have had during the last few years many and convincing proofs.

The population of Finland consists of two important elements, diametrically opposed to each other in race, culture and mental endowments. The proportion of the Finns to the Swedes is about as seven to one. Until the latter third of the last century the Swedish population was the leading element. Then the Tsars in their efforts to Russianize Finland hit upon the expedient of developing the racial self-consciousness of the Finns in order to counterbalance the Swedes who were unalterably opposed to the Russian aims. It is a regrettable truth that the Russians received the aid of a good many Swedish renegades who were willing to abandon the true interests of their own people for personal advantages, which appears to be a peculiar characteristic of the Teutonic race. The hatred of the Finns against the Swedes dates from this period and has borne its fruit in the last few years.

If Mr. Kalijarvi were able and willing to read the newspapers of Sweden and Swedish Finland, he would soon learn that the rank and file of the Finlanders submit only from necessity to the present arrangement. They fear—and there seem to be good grounds for their fears—that their cultural, racial and economic heritage is menaced. They were compelled to open a university of their own without aid from the State, because conditions at the endowed university, which they had founded, were made intolerable to them; the professors, in spite of the fact that the majority were Swedish-speaking, were compelled to lecture exclusively in Finnish. In parishes where the majority of the population is Swedish, no Swedish public schools are maintained with communal assistance, while the Swedes are taxed to support the Finnish schools. The so-called *Lex Kallio* is designed to deprive them of much of the land which has been theirs for centuries, and which history and archaeology conclusively prove has never been in Finnish hands. That the Finns do not confine themselves only to processes of law to express their hatred and their attempts at repression, the recent brutal attack on the Swedish cadets at the War Academy by the Finnish majority led by a Finnish officer is ample indication.

Much has been written about the sufferings of an undesired and undesirable alien minority at the hands of native populations, but here is a tragedy of indignities and persecutions suffered in stoical silence by an original population, a tragedy of which the world knows nothing, but which is nevertheless very real when the cultural values are considered.

Even in the days when the Finland Swedes called themselves Finns, the Alanders refused any other appellation than that of Swedes. When their opportunity came they expressed themselves unanimously for a reunion with the mother country. That the Finnish authorities feared to let the Alanders' wishes be known, their treatment of the latter's spokesmen is sufficient proof. These were forbidden to leave the Islands as long as the question remained open, and when they persisted they were clapped in jail for treason. Only the indignant protests of the whole Swedish press protected them from suffering the extreme penalty.

Since the allocation, hundreds of the small population of the Islands have left for freer shores and are being replaced by Finns. Is this the economic consideration Mr. Kalijarvi had in view?

Will Mr. Kalijarvi kindly tell me who, outside of England, looking for another Malta in the Baltic, and France, wishful to snub the Swedes for their evident sympathies for Germany, conceded the case of Finland to be very strong? Certainly not the countries most nearly concerned, which had no desire to see England and France in control of the Baltic.

To whom would Aland, within easy gunfire distance of Stockholm, be of most strategic value, not as a convenient point of attack but as a means of security?

In whose hands would it most likely prove a firebrand?

In Sweden's, which has kept its peace, often under most trying circumstances, for more than a hundred years, and which submitted to an unjust decision; or in Finland's, which one moment truculently threatens its western neighbour with war and the next begs for an alliance against the Bolshevik bogy? Or does Mr. Kalijarvi mean that Finland would have gone to war if the decision had been otherwise than it was? At the time Finland threatened to keep by force what it could not retain by other means.

How could the Baltic through the allocation of Aland to Sweden be made into a Swedish lake, when that country possesses hardly more than one-fourth of its coast-line; while such countries as Germany, Russia and Poland, all potentially far more powerful than Sweden, which in its neglect of its defensive forces shows proofs of its unwarlike attitude, have possessions on its shores?

Mr. Kalijarvi also raises a question of logic. Is it possible to arrive at a satisfactory or just conclusion from unsatisfactory or incorrect premises?

Mr. Kalijarvi intentionally minimizes the then all-powerful Mr. Wilson's influence on the decisions of the commission of inquiry. As a matter of fact it was the views of Mr. Wilson's representative, whose name I have forgotten, that determined its attitude.

Mr. Kalijarvi finally speaks of unjust and childish criticism of former President Wilson. In charity to the fallen great, I attributed the arrangement of the present boundaries of the European continent to ignorance of European history and ethnology. It can as easily be attributed to an absolute lack of a sense of fairness. The allocations, of which Mr. Wilson frequently was the proponent, of the Danzig corridor, northwestern Bohemia, Siebenbürgen, the Trentino, the Saar Valley and Alsace—which latter is historically and ethnologically German—to countries of other racial composition are proofs of my contention. I am, etc.,

Chicago.

ERIC OSTERBERG.

BOOKS.

MR. ANDERSON'S NEW STORIES.

*Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!*

THUS the quizzical farmer in Mr. Frost's best-known poem; and thus, if he spoke blank verse, almost any one of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's nostalgic, solitary personages. The one, I know, is a New Hampshire rebel; the others are farmers and small-town folk of the Middle West; but the difference is not a fundamental one. Mr. Anderson will tell you that his Middle Westerners are but a generation or two removed from New England; that the same frugal blood runs in their contracted veins; that, if they had stone walls to mend, they too would "keep the wall between them as they went." The recurrence throughout his fiction of this isolation-motive is no accident: Mr. Anderson could not be the authentic artist he is and not reflect, like a poet, the deep human truth of the milieu he has undertaken to interpret. One remembers Wing Biddlebaum in "Winesburg," who "did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town where he had lived for twenty years." In the tale called "Unused," in his new volume,¹ one recognizes the old predicament: of the girl May Edgely we are told that "if she was walled in, shut off from participation in the life of the Ohio town—hated, feared by the town—she could come out of the town." For the richness of their data, I repeat, these half-dozen stories are worth a library of sociological history, and no one who would know the heart of the Middle West can neglect them. Did such a task ever before or elsewhere force itself upon an artist like Mr. Anderson: the task of depicting a life so clumsily organized for human intercourse, so sterile in the values

of personality, so poverty-stricken in what makes for humane conviviality, so hostile (as a consequence) to the integrity of the individual soul?

This, at any rate, is what I read into that singular spiritual delicacy of Mr. Anderson, into what I can only call his passionate puritanism. Only in regard to a life that in some sinister way threatened the purity of the individuals who capitulated to it, would an artist be so concerned for the inviolability of the ego in its resistance to what philosophers call the "not-me." If this intense "idiocracy" is not what puritanism always amounts to, it is characteristic of puritanism on its highest level: on the level on which Whitman defined the twin principle of democracy as "individuality, the pride and centripetal isolation of a human being in himself—identity—personalism."

The hero of Mr. Anderson's fable is the man who goes among his fellow-beings holding the cup of his "identity" as a kind of Grail, intangible by the profane. The special tragedy is that there are none but the profane to touch it; that the contacts which should be cleansing are for the most part smirching, and the experiences which should be joyously shared have to be joylessly withheld. The result can be only a kind of spiritual deformity. This, I suppose, is what the old man in the foreword to "Winesburg" means when he says "that the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood." This is the perplexity of the young man in "A Chicago Hamlet," in this volume, bathing himself in cold water at night in the darkness of his room, obsessed with "this business of making oneself the keeper of the clean integrity of oneself." We are told that he had "a kind of almost holy inner modesty"; and we realize that the pathos of what happens at the end lies in the fugacity of an experience which momentarily offered a relationship not hostile to that modesty.

Like a certain sort of puritan, Mr. Anderson is more interested in the inner life than in anything else; indeed, "this vain show of things" seems to him but an aspect of the inner life, and he is not too curious about the line that divides material from spiritual. This is what gives his fiction its curiously poetic quality, and, in details, accounts for the seemingly unpremeditated beauty of many of his figures. ("My fruit shall not be my fruit until it drops from my arms, into the arms of others, over the top of the wall.") If the word had not too many dusty connotations, one would say that Mr. Anderson was a symbolist; he is at any rate a symbolist without the doctrine, a sort of congenital symbolist: to him the myth is not a theory but an irresistible mode of expression. It will not do to quarrel with him for not being a "realist." Mr. Edmund Wilson objects that none of the personages in "Many Marriages" has a persuasive reality; that they are consistently incredible as washing-machine manufacturers and housekeepers. But surely it should not need to be pointed out that reality exists on several planes; that the reality of "Babbitt," valid as it is, is but one kind of reality; that John Webster is not a washing-machine manufacturer, in any special literal sense, but the man who has walked part way down the road of death and has come back to walk the way of life. The employment of this mythopoetic reality is Mr. Anderson's special forte, and it can be vindicated on the solidest artistic grounds; it gives form and colour to fables of subtle subjective experience which would otherwise be too insubstantial for artistic treatment. The fiction of the inner life would hardly be possible on any other terms.

It is even doubtful whether we can with accuracy speak of Mr. Anderson as a novelist; at least if that name is to

¹ "Horses and Men." Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. \$2.00.

be reserved for writers in the tradition, for the followers of Flaubert (like Mr. Sinclair Lewis) or the followers of Henry James (like Mrs. Wharton). In any sense in which these people are novelists, Mr. Anderson must be denied the title; for their scrupulous account of the extrinsic truth, even for their manipulation of psychological drama, he has but mediocre capacities; he has little command over the cool irony which makes Mr. Lewis something of a satirist, and little skill in the handling of complex personal relationships such as Mrs. Wharton reports. He has almost nothing in common with those "erudite and elegant" writers whom Whitman inveighed against. This is indeed his artistic strength; the methods of the novelists I have mentioned would not begin to serve his special and difficult purpose; they are the fictional analogues of a highly organized, highly civilized, completely articulate social order, and the interpretation of such an order is not Mr. Anderson's task. Hitherto the novelist's rôle has not been much like that of the bard: he has attempted not so much to give utterance to confused communal emotions as to chronicle, either epically or dramatically, and with a certain detachment, the circumstances of the life about him. That he did not come, in the first place, until comparatively late, is a fact of some significance. Mr. Anderson is attempting—more or less unconsciously, no doubt—to fill the rôle of a kind of bardic poet: to put into simple and beautiful forms the vague and troubling pains of a bewildered people, to personalize a rather mechanical life, to give new values to a world that has discarded its old ones as invalid. And that, as the teller of "The Man's Story" says, "is I suppose what poetry is all about."

NEWTON ARVIN.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPERMEN.

MR. VILLARD's qualifications for making a survey of the American press are too obvious to be questioned. Yet, after finishing "Some Newspapers and Newspapermen," one is left wondering whether his main indictment lies against the people who make the papers or the people who read them.

The hard truth of the matter, as he well shows, is that to keep its head above water a newspaper in a big city must be run as nakedly for profit as a canning-plant or automobile-factory. Its price per copy is derisible; the overhead cost of its production staggering. Therefore the last three decades have witnessed a steady orientation of editorial policy towards the advertiser and the economically stable class to which the advertiser directs his appeal. As long as the characteristics of this class remain tawdry thought and unworthy respect for material success, we shall have the triple sporting-page and the comic "strips," and the task of worried city editors will be complicated by little notes "from the top" suggesting the soft pedal on such things as the dangers of revolving doors or the holes in pure-food laws.

Insipidity born of timidity, rather than malevolence, seems to be the outstanding fault of modern journalism, and there is no working newspaperman but can call to mind occasional instances of righteousness that temper a wholesale arraignment. It was the Boston *Herald*, selected by Mr. Villard as about the blackest instance of journalistic decadence in the old home of William Lloyd Garrison, that gave to the world the tale of police-violence in Lawrence which brought about a congressional inquiry and incidentally terminated the strike in that unhappy city. The miners and their leaders had certainly no reason to complain that their side of the case was underrepresented by the special correspondent whom the

New York *Times* assigned to West Virginia during the recent troubles. Nor, as long as Mr. Walter Duranty remains its correspondent at Moscow, is the American public likely to lack a corrective to raw-head-and-bloody-bones fables of Soviet cannibalism and the persistent obituaries of Lenin. Mr. Villard has quoted a specific instance of what he considers the same paper's cynical attitude towards unemployment. But I might mention that I found no difficulty whatever in having a letter inserted in its columns, exposing, to the best of my ability, the economic fallacy of low wages as a cure for business-stagnation.

When considering that section of our press which lies outside the reporting of news, Mr. Villard does not seem to take sufficiently into account how protean an affair American journalism has grown to be, nor how many opportunities still remain, for those who peruse its pages intelligently, to put themselves into contact with independent and even radical thought. Editorials, it is true, show a tendency to become prim and perfunctory affairs, but "colyums" wax and flourish, and, in their task of exposing cant and humbug wherever they think they see it, the spirited gentlemen who write them do not appear to be fettered by any editorial policies. Of course it is the privilege of these happy mortals to chastise morals by laughter and to leave the implications of what they observe in the air, so to speak. But the seed is, none the less, sown. Consider for a moment the remarks of the very entertaining writer, who signs himself "Kenelm Digby," in the New York *Evening Post* a few weeks ago, on the abuse in merchandising-copy of the canting word "service," and the avenues of fruitful thought they would have opened up, expanded and elaborated in an editorial of the old-fashioned sort.

The newspapers of our great cities may be, as Mr. Villard seems to feel, morning and evening records of golden opportunities missed. But, even as they are, I think it would be a transaction in which we should all lose to exchange them for the complacent Philistinism of the British, or the violence and venality of the French press; and the men who do their hard and anonymous work remain the most loyal of comrades and the best company in the world.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

THE FALLACY OF RACIALISM.

SIX centuries have elapsed since Pierre Dubois wrote his "De Recuperatione Terræ Sanctæ," and time has not dealt kindly with him or with his work. He is quite forgotten except by a handful of melancholy antiquarians, and his book is overlaid with dust. It is a pity, for Pierre was an able little lawyer who lived in the picturesque Norman town of Coutances and entertained really radical ideas. With all the ardour of the reforming "crank," he inveighed against the corruption and decay of the civilization of his day; particularly was he outraged by the internecine wars which ravaged Europe. It was his conviction that the only way to save civilization was to persuade the Christian nations to overcome their destructive selfishness, to sink their petty differences in a common consciousness, to create a Christian league of nations, and to go forth in joint holy warfare against the Mohammedans; if they would slay enough Turks, they would not be inclined to slaughter so many fellow-Christians.

Pierre Dubois is dead and his book is forgotten, but it would doubtless interest him to know that even now his soul, like John Brown's, goes marching on. European civilization is still perishing; European nations are still at each other's throats; there is renewed threat of internal class-warfare as well as of international conflict;

¹ "Some Newspapers and Newspapermen." Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

there are more unslaughtered Turks than ever and there are more slain Europeans. Likewise there are a dozen Pierre Dubois now in the flesh. For example, there is Mr. Madison Grant, with his "Passing of the Great Race"; there is Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, with his "Rising Tide of Colour" and his "Revolt against Civilization"; there is Professor McDougall, with his frenzied query "Is America Safe for Democracy?"; and there is Professor Charles Conant Josey of Dartmouth College, with his new book on "Race and National Solidarity."¹ The form of these twentieth-century jeremiads is a little different from that of the fourteenth century—six hundred years are likely to be hard on all forms—but the spirit is much the same. Pierre Dubois, if only he could be transplanted from mediæval Countances to modern Hanover, New Hampshire, might conceivably fall on the neck of Charles Josey and bless him.

Professor Josey is upset by the wrangling and fighting among Europeans, and he proposes to put an end to their international warfare and incidentally to their class-struggles by the simple device of developing in them a consciousness of the community and the superiority of their race and pitting them in mortal combat against Turks, Hindus, Mongolians and Negroes. Thereby the "European race" would get such a supply of "energy, courage, ambition, enthusiasm and initiative" as would "make this the most brilliant of all ages." "If the moulders of public opinion," he hypothesizes, "should become convinced that the future of the white race depends on closer bonds of sympathy and unity between its various groups; and if they should use their talents in bringing about this sympathy, instead of breaking it down by their appeals to a narrow nationalism on the one hand and a broad humanitarianism on the other," then, he concludes, "much could be done."

The thesis is clear enough, but its supports and implications are engulfed in the most up-to-date obscurantism. The author takes for granted such words as "race" and "nation"; over and over again he uses them without once suggesting a definition. He offers no explanation of the distinctive character of European civilization beyond a reference to its "racial" basis. He is blissfully ignorant of anthropology and likewise of history. He vaguely implies that "internationalism" is identical with "cosmopolitanism" or Christian "humanitarianism" and therefore that it is evil. Instead of writing clearly and to the point he fills his pages with much prattle about "goods" and "values," "intelligence-tests" and Frazer's "Golden Bough," "herd-instincts" and Aztec "scapegoats." His jargon is that of the McDougall school of social psychology, and, though it appeals to numerous Hermiones of the present age, we are pleased to think that by the more sophisticated it would be rejected in favour of the severe, direct and legalistic phraseology of old Pierre Dubois. The French attorney had no hallucinations about "race"; he believed that European civilization was different from others because it was peculiarly "Christian," and he said so clearly; and his specific recommendations for action were deduced logically from his premises. Logic, on the other hand, has a minor place in Professor Josey's project; in fact, his book may yet prove serviceable as an exemplary anthology of logical fallacies. On second thought, we doubt whether Pierre Dubois, if he could, would fall on the neck of Charles Josey; that is, unless Pierre had sinister intentions and a sharp little poniard concealed in his Norman cloak.

May it be suggested most respectfully to Professor Josey and his kind that they are undertaking an even more difficult and hazardous task than poor old Pierre

Dubois? They fancy that present-day nationalists in Europe and America can be induced to put "the white race" before every other consideration; but can they? Will Frenchmen and Germans forget the Great War and the Peace of Paris and the Ruhr and recall only the ancient blood-relationship of Franks and Teutons? Will Greeks bow the knee to Mussolini or Americans to Lenin, because Lenin and Mussolini are neither Africans nor Mongolians? Can European and American capitalists be brought to prefer the white colour of their workingmen to the yellow colour of their gold? Until economic imperialism and tribal nationalism are checked, we perceive no more hope for "racialism" than for "internationalism." But supposing a miracle occurs, and "racialism" supplants both nationalism and internationalism and also economic imperialism—what then? We shall have lessened intra-European rivalries and invited inter-racial conflict; we shall have jumped from a pretty warm pan into a very hot fire.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION.

SIR W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE'S new book is an interesting contribution to the Egyptian renaissance now in progress. When we speak of Egypt, we think of what might be termed its spiritual civilization: the lofty mysticism, the shadowy gods, the learned priesthood. The physical and political civilizations have been neglected. That in these capacities Egypt was just as astonishingly enlightened as in the others, the present volume demonstrates with great clearness.

We are led to believe, by the facts presented to us, that the extraordinarily long history of the Egyptian monarchy is directly attributable to its excellent organization in behalf of the people as a whole. From the king down to the lowest peasant there was a spirit of co-operative industry. However much the Pharaoh might be venerated as a god on earth, his duties were fixed and his privileges limited.

He seems to have had the position, well known in many other countries, that the welfare of the land depended upon his vitality and actions; it is only from this point of view that we can understand the rigid regulation of a set time for everything that he did, his being a slave to his position. Another matter, which surprised the Greeks, was his entire subservience to the Law. . . . Every hour was definitely allotted to various duties, to do something enjoined and not to indulge in pleasures.

In like manner were the Nomarchs responsible to the Pharaoh and to their people, the priests to their charges, the soldiers to their boundaries, and the peasants to their land. "Slavery never attained the serious and infamous proportions that it had in Greece, or in Italy"; or, by the way, in America. "The serfage, which probably continued throughout the history, prevented the requirement of slave-labour on large estates. It was a mild and comparatively harmless obligation which did not prevent ability from rising, and it saved the land from the ruin which slavery brings." The scheme was to organize enforced labour for public works during the period of inundation, when no work could be done on the land. The author constructs a convincing apology for this system; but he goes rather too far, I believe, when he justifies as a whole the long years of toil required for building the Pyramids. Among the Egyptians themselves, the memory of the kings of the first four dynasties, the Pyramid Builders, was execrated.

Turning over these pages, the reader is more and more impressed with the fact that Egyptian society was in many

¹ "Race and National Solidarity." Charles Conant Josey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

¹ "Social Life in Ancient Egypt." W. M. Flinders Petrie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

important ways superior to our own. Fanaticism was never apparent; abstract causes did not exist. A question like woman's suffrage, for example, never arose, for the reason that from the beginning the Egyptians had set men and women on an equal footing. Political responsibility, as we have seen, was seriously and conscientiously regarded. War, as Budge has pointed out in his history, was entered into without enthusiasm and waged without vengeance. When an invader's ship was sunk, the Egyptians rescued their enemies. During a rebellion against Pankhy, the victorious king "loveth that Memphis be safe and sound, and that even the children weep not." No one was killed except in fight, and the ringleader of the insurrection came in at last and was left in peace in his city." Such an idea as total abstinence would have been absolutely incomprehensible to the pleasure-loving subjects of the Pharaoh. Says the servant of the house to the guest, "Drink to drunkenness, make holiday"; and a lady observes, "Give me eighteen cups of wine, behold I should love drunkenness." That the mildness of the laws and the delights of life in those cool green courts by the Nile promoted the happiness of the whole race is shown by the fact that the popular mind asked no more of Heaven than that it should afford a continuance of earthly bliss. To quote one of their own poems as translated by Petrie:

Put song and music before thee
Behind thee all evil things
And remember thou only joy
Till comes that day of mooring
At the land that loveth silence.

The work gives, besides this large view of the society as a whole, much detailed information, economic, ethical and domestic, which can not fail to be of the highest interest. It speaks well for Egyptian civilization that this intimate view into its anatomy enhances rather than diminishes our respect for the entire structure. The popular misconceptions on this subject have arisen, doubtless, from the fact that most writers have avoided a living description of daily life by the Nile, and have assumed the mien of custodians reverently brushing the dust from superb statuary. Prof. Flinders Petrie never denies the essentially sculptural and conventional pattern of even the most homely functions in an Egyptian household, but he goes below ceremony to usage. We feel his understanding of Akhnaten, "who wiped out a great deal of formality; the people might come and dance before him, as he looked from his balcony and showered flowers down on them."

This volume will, I think, be found indispensable by amateurs, who will place it, as a complement, between Budge's recent works and Weigall's "Akhnaten."

ROBERT HILLYER.

THE MEDICI.

Few Americans can have toured among the pensions of Italy without having encountered, at one time or another, the retired English military man who was busy with some work, more or less extensive, on Italian art, history or literature. My own recollections of such a one take me back to Siena; and his frank plaint was (as it doubtless was with others) that there should be so little recognition or reward for his labours. And indeed it is not given to every student and writer to produce a work that remains standard through the years. Probably no such plaint came from Colonel Young, whose large study on the Medici has gone through several editions and reprints

since 1909 and is now handsomely reissued in its two portly volumes, with many apposite illustrations.

Pictures of the Medici family are easily come by. One of the minor hardships of a sojourn in Florence is to be obliged to pass in review the many portraits of the younger princesses of the clan which fill so large a space on the walls of the long gallery that connects the Uffizi with the Pitti. They are all conventionally similar; they all have the eyes, hair, noses and mouths that were the fashion in that day, and they are one and alike quite undistinguished. However, the portraits in the present volumes are drawn from more significant sources and represent more important members of the family; and in the case of the later generations, they come from sources interestingly non-Florentine and even non-Italian. To say that they are invariably prepossessing would be to look for too much, even from court-painters, and would shock the many who have their own unfavourable opinion of the Medici family as a whole and do not wish to part with it.

Colonel Young is scarcely among these latter. Although, like Miniver Cheevy, he "loved the Medici, albeit he had never seen one," it is unlikely that "he would have sinned incessantly, could he have been one." He is quite evidently of the persuasion that incessant sinning was no *sine qua non* for membership in the Medici clan. In fact, few men would work for years to produce a chronicle extending over more than three centuries, if face to face with a race that he detested and, in its later estate, despised. Furthermore, close and prolonged study brings discrimination and a strong tendency to file down to greater smoothness the rasping exaggerations of contemporary historians and the crude and malevolent slanders of rival families.

This last consideration has seemed to Colonel Young a sufficing explanation of many of the iniquitous charges that thickened and darkened the air about the Medici. Not all the stories of murder by dagger or poison were true. The poorer classes felt a fondness for the family throughout its history, our author declares, and had ample reason for doing so; even to the present day they are credited with a regard for its memory. But it was far otherwise with all those Florentine families which had been originally on a par with the Medici, yet had come to be surpassed and dominated by them. As Colonel Young points out further, when a despotic monarchy is succeeded by a republic, only one family is embittered by the loss of former greatness; but when a republic is succeeded by a despotic monarchy a hundred such families are created. They existed in Florence in numbers, and did not diminish in animosity as the years moved on, and it is to their intense jealousy, the author maintains, that many tales characteristically Medicean, but not well founded, may be traced. Yet enough others, sufficiently sure, remain. The town knew its tragedies, in street, in palace, even in church, as well as in the castles and villas outside; indeed it is Howells, usually calm and tolerant, who remarks on the family's habit of employing the quiet retirement of country-seats as a setting for the rites of uxoricide.

Besides the Medici in Tuscany there were the Medici abroad, and the common view remains that the farther abroad they went the worse they became; the Medici in France, for example, among them Catherine, whose association with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew has given her a bad eminence hardly less than Luciferian. Yet Colonel Young is her patient and ardent apologist: a hundred and sixty pages, forming a more or less independent section at the beginning of his second volume, rehabilitate her. In the end he fastens upon one cardinal consideration: did Catherine, amid the terrible woes

¹ "The Medici." Colonel G. F. Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols. \$12.00.

which came upon the French people through the birth of a new form of religion, increase their woes by her actions, or did she diminish them?

This is the sole issue upon which history, as distinguished from religious controversy, will fix its attention and will judge her. . . . Her splendid fight for a hitherto unheard-of principle [that two religions should be allowed to exist, each recognized by the State] was a fight to bring peace to France by what we all now know to be the only means by which peace in such matters can be either obtained or preserved.

Thus does opinion make its metamorphoses. Even the Borgias shall have their day. The services of the earlier Medici to art and literature have been illumined by so many writers, and so "incessantly," that they need not be dwelt upon here. Instead, some slight measure of consideration may be given to the support of science tendered later, in the seventeenth century, by the members of the younger branch. Science, getting on its feet but slowly, and embarrassed and intimidated by the churchmen, had need of all the aid it might receive from lay princes. We still please ourselves by indulging the fancy that the last century of the Medici line represented a sort of slow, contemptible Byzantine decline. Yet, in the year 1657, the Medici princes of the day founded the Accademia del Cimento, the first society for experiments in natural science formed in Europe and the model for those established during the next decade in London and Paris. Eighty years later, the grand duke Gian Gastone, last of the line and commonly regarded as but an example of futile and disreputable "tailings," erected, almost as his last public act, a monument to Galileo. Thus, just as the first of the Medici was present at the birth of Florentine art, so the last of them busied himself with a memorial to science.

These volumes have a full set of genealogical and chronological tables. They form the one work for the study of the Medici, not as a limited number of gifted and interesting individuals, but as a family which, through some ten generations, held the attention of Europe and exhibited the vicissitudes of a princely line in all their phases of growth, splendour, criminality and decadence—through the Renaissance, Early, High and Late, and into the Baroque to which these successive stages led.

HENRY B. FULLER.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"THE THREE IMPOSTORS,"¹ originally published more than a quarter of a century ago and now reissued in most attractive guise, possesses more than ample materials for a first-rate "thriller," yet its reception in that category is somewhat at the mercy of the author's felicity. The story has the defects of Mr. Machen's qualities; it is disclosed with such grace that it is robbed of more than half its horror. The detective tale, to be entirely credible, needs to be trained down occasionally from the soft lines of exquisite diction; but all the characters in this narrative deport themselves as though the unnamed terror which surrounds them were of less consequence than the phrases in which their fears are embodied. It is Mr. Machen who speaks for them all, and consequently their identities grow nebulous as their vocabularies grow rich. L. B.

THERE are elements of notable achievement in "The Sacrificial Goat."² The opening chapters are a revelation in swift observation, deft character-drawing and sure-footed narration. The tone is one of gay irony, and every stroke counts. Later on, the story ties itself in knots and fails to maintain its early promise, but even though the book doesn't quite come off, it is head-and-shoulders above the run of first novels, and justifies the prediction of much finer work to come. The author has a tendency to drop her story in the pursuit of mere brilliance—a procedure which leaves the reader dangling amid

the dialogue for so long that he becomes suspicious. Whether or not this fault is due to the fact that one of the characters is said to be a portrait of Bernard Shaw, it is impossible to say; in any event, "The Sacrificial Goat" is turned into a beast of burden, and carries a philosophic pack beyond its strength. Miss Lascelles seems to have endeavoured to put too fine a point on her emotional problem; she traces a hair line where broad brushwork would have served her better. If she can regain the pace of her early chapters, she will have the medium for work of enduring value. L. B.

HISTORY is explained in terms of disordered livers, gall-stones, and sexual shortcomings in Dr. MacLaurin's "Post Mortem."³ Here are grouped Henry VIII, Jeanne d'Arc, Pepys, Marat, Napoleon, Benvenuto Cellini and other celebrities of the past—all suffering with something or other which impelled them to act as they did and to influence the course of history and of literature in accordance with their inner derangement. The story of mankind is a story of aches, pains and perversions; the way to a man's heart is not, as the proverb has it, through his stomach alone, but through all his organs—particularly if they happen to be functioning abnormally. At times, the doctor makes his point with considerable logic; at others, he blithely says, "Let us reason together and try if we can make head or tail of this extraordinary illness," and proceeds to guess. Invariably he manages to make something of it—either head or tail—and one can see that he thoroughly enjoys it. The case of Pepys is disposed of in this manner: "After all, there is in every woman protecting her husband from the onslaught of 'vamps' not a little of the wild-cat. Even the gentlest of women will defend her husband—especially a husband who retains so much of the boy as Pepys—from the attempts of wicked women to steal him, poor innocent love, from her sacred hearth; will defend him with bare hands and claws, and totally regardless of the rules of combat; and it is this touch of cattishness in Mrs. Pepys which makes one's heart warm toward her." Considering that poor Samuel had a stone in his bladder, along with Mrs. Pepys, his amours and his diary, he seems to have made out very well. On the whole, however, one would hesitate to nominate Dr. MacLaurin for the rôle of one's family physician. L. B.

LABOUR-PROBLEMS are much the same whether in Manchester, Fall River or Bombay. The story of factory-labour in India, as told by Dr. Rajani Kanta Das,⁴ makes us feel the kinship of East and West. The factory-system did not gain a foothold in India until 1863, by which time there was in England some measure of factory-regulation. But English factory-laws did not follow the flag, and for eighteen years the factory-owners had everything their own way. Dr. Das tells us that the first agitators for factory-laws for India were British philanthropists and, strange as it may seem, the cotton-manufacturers of Manchester, who were alarmed at the impending loss of their Indian markets. Indian reform-leaders then took the matter up; and in 1881, in the face of great opposition, the first factory-law passed the Legislative Council. This law was strengthened in 1891, and again in 1911; but it was not until 1922 that a reasonably satisfactory law was enacted. The first labour-organization in India was the Bombay Millhands' Association, organized by a leading reformer in order to add strength to his campaign for better regulation of factories. Gradually, however, a real labour-movement developed among the workers themselves, until now labour is well organized and class-conscious. Strikes have been frequent for both economic and political ends, but there has been comparatively little violence. The non-coöperation movement led by Gandhi has had a strong influence upon factory-workers, and has added great strength to the labour-movement. It is to be regretted that Dr. Das was obliged to go to Germany to find a publisher, for German publishers are not in a position to distribute English works, and these books deserve a wide circulation. They are written in a scholarly and temperate style, even when the author is discussing points on which he holds strong personal views.

G. B. L. A.

¹ "The Three Impostors." Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

² "The Sacrificial Goat." Ernita Lascelles. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

³ "Post Mortem." C. MacLaurin. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

⁴ "Factory-Legislation in India"; "The Labour-Movement in India." Rajani Kanta Das. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter and Co.

Dear FREEMAN reader, this page is not intended for you this week, it is a Christmas letter to your enemy.

SIR:

You hold that because yesterday's ideas were good enough for your father, they should be good enough for you. They are too good for you.

You hold that the existing order is right merely because it exists, and that grave suspicion attaches to all who question it. Quite so, in regard to the suspicion: your father felt the same way about those who questioned the order under which your grandfather lived.

You hold that laws are just and proper simply because they are laws; that men in high place deserve respect because they are in high place; that "capital should be kind to labour because capital implies responsibility"; that young people are not what they used to be; that America is becoming a Godless nation; that there are too many fads and fancies in our education; that the Golden Age in art, music, literature, drama, science and philosophy was anywhere but in the present; and, old sport, the worst about you is that you would like to clap everybody who disagrees with you into a fiery furnace or to make a new law suppressing somebody or something.

Christmas is coming, you crusty Scrooge, and we are writing you this note as a holiday greeting. Now don't go and heap coals of fire on our head by subscribing to the FREEMAN: it would spoil our sport. Your kind doesn't read the FREEMAN, and we rather despair of your seeing this letter. Perhaps somebody with humour may forward it to you. Why, my dear man, you would explode if you read our paper: we publish the FREEMAN for your opposite, your antithesis, your most hated friend.

Merry Christmas!

THE FREEMAN.

It occurs to us that a nice bit of educational work may be done by Freemanites who are optimistic enough to believe that a few hard-shells in the community may eventually find the mourners' bench. Subscribe for them; we will not mention you as donor unless you request us to do so.

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